JOHN BULL, JULY 3, 1937

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LXII.
1620.

GOVERNMENT SWEAT SHOPS (SEE PAGE FIVE)

JOHN BULL

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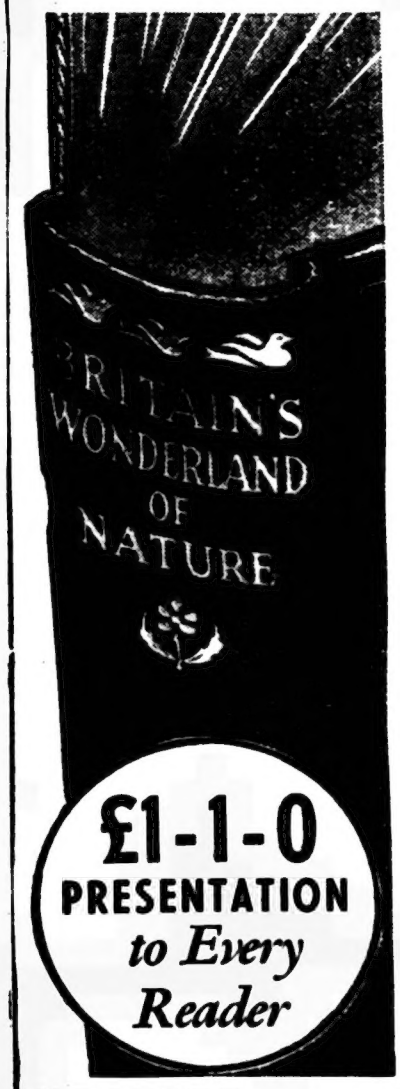

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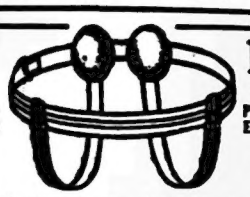

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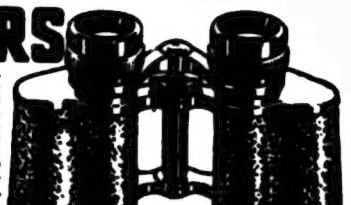

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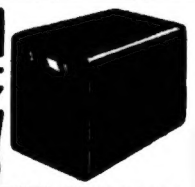

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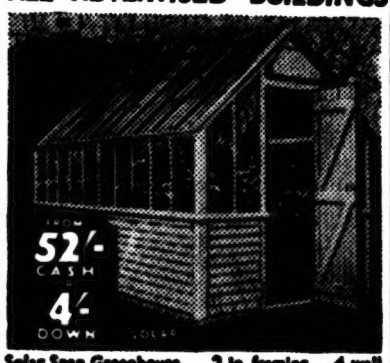

Solar Span Greenhouse. 2 in. framing. 4 wall and 2 roof sections. Solid door. 2 vents. Staging. Bars deeply rebated. Complete with glass in large sheets, putty and priming paint.

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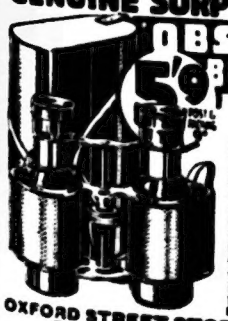

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Lth.	Wth.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pyts.
10	7	8	£5/10/-	6/-	10/2
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Asbestos Garages from 99/-. List G. Free Delivery England and Wales. Free Plans for Councils.

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Tan Case with Strap only 1/6 extra.

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In the 'easy-access' inner foil pack and sealed fresh in moisture-proof 'cellophane'

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Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 3, 1937. Twopence
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Government Sweat Shops

JOHN BULL has investigated a grievous new scandal affecting thousands of "temporary" clerks working for the Ministry of Labour at various employment exchanges throughout the country.

It is one that clamours for ventilation, and we cannot do better than cite a specific example, which reveals a system that is driving many men to despair.

John —— is an ex-Service man (he could not enter this august preserve of "temporary Ministry clerks" otherwise), who during the war was commissioned in the field. He is married with three children. His home is in a West Country town.

Nearly three years ago he registered himself at the local employment exchange as a clerk. Having some experience of administrative routine, it was suggested that he filled in a "Temporary Government Service Form."

His first appointment was to an employment exchange about fifteen miles from his home town.

Although the S.E.1A form on which he received his appointment says that clerks working outside a radius of five miles from their Headquarters town "will be entitled to claim the refund of travelling and subsistence allowances," John —— never got them.

His first job cost him 8s. a week travelling. His "subsistence" was in a paper bag. And his job lasted less than a month.

◆ ◆ ◆

His next job was in a branch office 20 miles away. Now branch office employees are not paid by the Ministry; they are paid by the man who runs the branch. He is paid by the Ministry on the amount of work handled.

There are scores of these branches in small country towns. Often the manager is an "amateur," running other jobs like a small shop, bicycle-repairing or cattle-dealing to eke out a living.

He uses the cheapest labour possible, and works them all hours on the State's business so as to leave a profit out of what the Ministry pays him. It is a pernicious system.

But John —— was sent to one of these offices. "Will you go and help them out?" said the manager at Headquarters. "You are a good, all-round man, and they are in a terrible muddle down there through additions to the register and the manager falling ill."

And although the weekly fare would be over 9s. and he would have to fight to get even the usual Ministry minimum rate of £2 11s. 3d., John —— daren't refuse, for there would have been a "black mark" against him in the mind of the Headquarters manager.

He daren't refuse the job, though acceptance may leave him penniless

Six weeks' work this time. Work at high pressure. Work into the night and during holidays to get books straight. And no overtime. The branch office manager was a poor man, but the State's business had to be done.

Then back again to the queues for some weeks. Six months' work next time; but again more than 20 miles away, and 9s. 6d. a week travelling expenses.

So it went on for about two years. It never seemed to occur to Headquarters to send a "permanent" to cover these stop-gap jobs and put John —— in the "permanent" place for the few weeks in his own home town.

Because, you see, the Ministry would be compelled to pay the "permanent's" travelling and subsistence expenses. Why do that when it could get the State's business done out of John ——'s pocket. He's only an unemployed clerk, and glad to get a chance to work—even at his own expense.

Last February John —— was asked by Headquarters to go to an employment office nearly forty miles away. Weekly notice as before. He pointed out that the season ticket was 16s. 6d. The manager appreciated it and would do his best to get a refund through; but meanwhile—would he go?

He started on Saturday, and had to find 16s. 6d. and 1s. 7d. contribution before he went. When he drew his pay he had to find another 16s. 6d. So for his first hard week's work he had 15s. 1d. to take home!

Next week was better—£1 11s. 7d., after various deductions—2s. 7d. more than he would have drawn as unemployment pay. But by now the job was over.

◆ ◆ ◆

And then John ——'s wife became seriously ill, and he sought the refund of those three 16s. 6d.s, which the manager at Headquarters had said he would "try to get through" for him.

In the end he took matters into his own hands. He wrote to the Minister himself, outlining his case for a refund. We have seen his correspondence. You would think it would move a heart of stone. But it did not move a Government Department.

The final reply, sent in response to a letter to the Minister of Labour, Mr. Ernest Brown, is before us: "have to inform you that it is contrary to the practice of the Department to make any payment towards the expenses of the staff in travelling to and from the office to which they are appointed."

John —— is now in a London Rowton House. After his two years' experience in labouring for a great Department of State, he came up to London a few days ago to hunt for a job—any kind of job.

But we have his address in case the Ministry of Labour cares to reconsider its decision and honour its own employment agreements.

What about it, Mr. Brown?

There are many other "temporary Ministry clerks" besides John —— in a like position. Some of them are being worked under the Ministry's ægis at rates of pay and under conditions of labour which would disgrace a sweatshop.

We are probing these cases more fully. And we will let the public know the result.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Swat that Stage Smut!

NOT before time this promise of determined action to "clean up" stage shows.

No use all this lamentation about the decline of the theatre when the stage is made a public platform for the exploitation of vulgar sexual interest.

A Poor Excuse

That the Coronation celebrations should have been used by certain theatrical and cabaret entertainers as an excuse for offensive jokes and stage acts gives an insight into the problem we are up against—people of distorted mentality whose motto seems to be "Lewdness for £ s. d."

We are not prudes, but we have demanded time and time again that the theatre and music-hall must be purged of those undesirable elements that are a blot on a great profession.

"Black Out"

And we have done so knowing that all decent-minded theatrical entertainers are as anxious as ourselves to see the theatre "cleaned up" and made fit for any family to enter.

This can only be done when vulgarity ceases to be flaunted in our faces and crude immodesty is "blacked out."

Raise Your Voices!

Now Lord Cromer, the Lord Chamberlain, and representatives of responsible associations are getting together, public opinion must impress upon them that there is real weight behind the criticisms of "stage smut," and a genuine demand for a return to honest-to-goodness entertainment, good taste, and decency.

Lord Cromer: Swat Smut!

"Houses" might be packed by the queer cattle who are willing to pay money to see a girl undress herself or gad about in a lessening number of veiled "nothings."

But that isn't the type of audience that is going to save the theatre.

The present money-grubbing policy of "Dare-to-be-a-bit-dirty" must be swatted like a germ-carrying fly—and that goes for some of the offending "top-liners," too.

Admiralty—Please Note

Large quantities of shipping charts, showing channels round British coasts and into British harbours, are being ordered from Germany.

The orders are coming from ordinary commercial and shipping firms, and may be perfectly *bona-fide*.

In any case, it is impossible to prevent the people who order them from handing them on to the German Admiralty, or to prevent the German Admiralty from reprinting them in thousands.

But the fact that they are being ordered ought to be noted by our own Naval Authorities.

New "Press Gang"

Work is improving in the North and pits are reopening. Good news. Not so good the complaints reaching us about "Press Gang" tactics in those parts.

Some pit managers are insisting when they take on men that their sons must be brought back to join them in the pit. And young men whom the depression forced to leave home are being compelled to give up better jobs in other parts.

This tyranny must be stopped.

Dirty Work

Only simpletons can be surprised at the British Government's determined opposition to the Geneva plans for a forty-hour working week.

Only a Government under the thumbs of the worst type of employer would send its Minister of Labour to bawl high-sounding platitudes in the hope of camouflaging its obstruction to a sensible and much-needed reform.

And only the most hypocritical of Tory diehards can pretend that Britain is still a progressively minded industrial country.

Losing Its Shine

If a certain first-class American player wins the Wimbledon championship it's a safe bet that he will join Perry, Tilden, Vines, Cochet and the rest of the professionals.

In any case, the loss of famous amateur players has made Wimbledon a less dazzling event than it was a few years ago, while professional matches are growing in popularity.

Next year a professional world championship will be held in Britain. Its brilliant and famous players will make Wimbledon look like a competition for beginners.

Why Not?

Lawn tennis authorities are worried. It is said that within a few years, if Wimbledon is to be saved, there will have to be the compromise of an "open" championship for which both amateurs and "pros" may enter.

And why not? The important thing is to have the best tennis, whether the players earn their living at it or on the Stock Exchange.

No Gushers Here

Do not be surprised to hear of some of the disappointed seekers of oil in Britain transferring their interest to Kenya. They are hoping to find "gushers" there—and no Government restrictions.

But if there's no oil here, why not intensify coal research? It has been proved we're wasting a valuable oil supply in the nation's fire-grates.

No Pity, Mr. P.M.G.?

What's the use of being a boss if you can't have a holiday—with pay? Yet that is one of the features of conditions in sub-post offices which the P.M.G. has no cause to brag about.

Major Tryon: Shouldn't Brag

Sub-postmasters are not allowed annual leave with pay by the Post Office, but the Post Office insists that their assistants must enjoy the best conditions of employment — *and* annual leave.

Quite right, too. But is there no pity for the poor sub-postmaster? The work he has to do increases apace, but he remains scandalously paid.

There is no justification for the Post Office making enormous profits while it denies the same rights to the harassed sub-postmaster that it demands for the "new girl" just learning to sell stamps.

Begging for Water

Ferryhill, up in Durham, is again without water. The local doctor has to beg from door to door for enough to conduct his surgeries.

For six years the shortage has existed. Drought is sometimes to blame, but the chief cause is faulty laying of supply pipes.

Yet the national water grid which we've advocated for years [illegible] the whole country from flood, would pay for itself in a few years, and would cut out inefficient local authorities.

Fortune-Taking

Not all men are fools. The women make quite a good show of themselves. One has just let a gipsy "fortune-teller" take two £5 notes from her.

Here's JOHN BULL's warning to gullible housewives—do not trust the so-called "gipsy," gentle ladies!

No "Communal" Clothing

We have complained more than once about unreasonable demands made on parents by elementary school authorities to buy "gym" clothes for their children.

Now an experiment is likely to be tried whereby the Treasury will grant 20 per cent. of the cost of such clothes. With this proviso—that they remain the property of the council *and are kept at the school.*

So far so good. But parents must be assured that their children will always wear "their own" slips next to their skin. The risks of "communal" clothing are obvious.

Men of the Moment

Once again British workmen have proved themselves "men of the moment."

The life of seven-year-old Diana Green, lying in a Leicester hospital, was despaired of unless a blood transfusion was administered. Within ten minutes 180 men working on a near-by building had volunteered!

That little story was given ten lines in one or two newspapers. But it means a lot.

Life for Life

There are still too many district nurses in rural areas who have to spend more time on their bicycles, or trudging along in all kinds of weather, than they can devote to their patients.

In Essex and some other places where district nurses have been provided with cars the results have proved well worth while.

When motor-cars are causing so much tragedy, surely they ought to be pressed into service to help preserve life wherever possible.

Wedding Bells Rusting!

Twenty thousand more brides are being married each year at register offices than was the case ten years ago.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in connection with his Recall to Religion campaign, might ponder on these figures.

A more enlightened attitude on the part of the Church towards the marriage question might help him to restore church marriages to favour.

For the present development he has only himself to blame.

Peril in Toys

We are glad that official action has followed so quickly upon our recent exposure of the hidden perils in children's toys.

Many of these "playthings," particularly of the celluloid and "cuddly" variety, are nothing but toys of death—as too many sorrowing mothers have come to realise.

Now a Government Committee of Enquiry has been set up, we hope it will not be long before they are swept off the market.

Lost Pensions

An old scandal is revived by the London police court case which proves once more that if an employer fails to pay health insurance contributions for an employee nearing the age of sixty-five, that employee will have to forgo the old-age pension due to him.

An old scandal. But it remains a bitter, indefensible one.

And we're still waiting to hear a single reason why the knavery of a rotten employer should be allowed to rob an innocent workman of his rights.

Sunday Morning Feeling

Somebody has found something new to say against present-day folk. The Rev. F. H. Pickering attacks people who lie in on Sunday morning, and asks what the early Christians would have thought about it.

But the early Christians didn't obey a factory whistle six days out of seven, were never so played out at mill or shop or trotting round the addresses supplied by the employment exchanges that they said, "Roll on, Sunday!"

The Women Won't Pay

Thousands of women belonging to the Peace Pledge Union are proposing to follow the example of Miss E. M. Dighton, one of its officials and refuse to pay their income-tax as a protest against the huge proportions which the re-armament programme is assuming.

Miss Dighton: Won't Pay

They will be made to pay in the end, of course, or else go to prison—a prospect which not many of them will be willing to face.

But it will remind the Government that the people of Britain are not shouldering this huge burden willingly.

Already women's organisations in every corner of the country are commending Miss Dighton.

Looking Ahead

Mr. J. Hessler, West Hartlepool shipowner, is a lucky man. We told you in 1932 that a compensation claim for £170,000 he had made against the Board of Trade ten years previously was still awaiting hearing.

The Board has now appointed an umpire to hear the claim!

If Mr. Hessler's luck holds, he should hear the result in 1960.

Infamous

Women living apart from their out-of-work husbands are liable to have their separation allowances stopped and forced to seek public relief.

And their husbands will later be charged with failing to comply with maintenance orders!

In some districts, particularly in Wales, this infamous stupidity has already been perpetrated as a result of the new unemployment regulations.

Unbelievable? It should be.

KNOCK-OUTS

Mr. F. B. Malim (Headmaster, Wellington College): "Cricket is a noble game for those proficient at it."—*And sufferers from insomnia.*

* * *

Mr. George Hicks, M.P.: "London from a military standpoint, is the weakest place on earth."—*Then we must strengthen anti-militarism.*

* * *

Mr. D. C. Collins: "I find among town boys that there is growing up another English language . . . culled from the experience of the streets."—*The "patter" of unemployed feet!*

* * *

Mr. De Valera: "Britain need have no fear Ireland would ever permit an enemy to use it as a basis of attack."—*Shake, Pat!*

Child Martyrs

TRAGIC STORY

by MARY SUTHERLAND

Chief Woman Officer of the Labour Party

I HAVE paid many visits to the distressed areas, and have seen the idle men hanging about the streets from hopeless day to hopeless day. I know, personally, hundreds of women in those areas; women whose faces are lined and haggard from years of poverty, but who somehow, at the worst, seem less tragic and hopeless than the men.

It is a truism to say that the burden of poverty and unemployment falls most heavily on the housewife in the home. But she does not lose her job when her husband loses his. Her job becomes more difficult and wearing, but the job is still there.

The children must be cared for, the house must be kept clean even when the pit or the factory closes its gates against her husband. She rarely has that desolated feeling of not being wanted which is the ultimate spiritual tragedy of the unemployed.

But the women in these areas are in revolt. They hate the enforced idleness of their menfolk, they hate the terrible working conditions which it imposes on themselves; above all, they hate the environment which it creates for their children.

We sometimes forget just what unemployment means to the children who are growing up in our poverty-stricken areas. Some time ago a South Wales miner's wife said in a letter to me:

> "In the Rhondda the children need to be rescued from the atmosphere of depression and apathy caused by low wages and unemployment. There is now growing up here a generation of children who have never seen their fathers work."

Throughout the depressed areas there are children who went to school at five when the fathers were unemployed, and are leaving school to-day at fourteen with their fathers still unemployed.

Nine years is a short time in the history of a nation, and may not appear long to the middle-aged. But it is a terribly long time in the life of a child.

What does it feel like to be a child in an unemployed home—never to have any clothes except what mother makes over from old things given by a friend, or picked up at a jumble sale; never to have a real holiday; never to see some of the simplest but most important items of diet except in shop windows; never to have anything to appease hunger but the bread and dripping which is the staple diet at the majority of the week's meals?

I have seen a child from a home where there had been years of unemployment become ill after eating a proper dinner. I know of another small boy who, when given a boiled egg, *did not know what to do with it!* He had never seen an egg except in a shop window!

PERHAPS more pathetic is an incident reported to me some time ago by an infant teacher in one of the distressed areas. She had charge of the "under-fives" who, in the absence of proper nursery schools, come to school with older brothers and sisters.

She had given these small children coloured chips and counters to play with, and they started in groups in various activities—playing shops, etc.

One little girl sat apart, playing her game alone. She arranged the coloured counters in neat piles, looked at them anxiously, rearranged them, sighed deeply once or twice. The puzzled teacher asked what game she was playing. "I'm mummy," she replied, "I'm wondering how I can give the money to the rent man."

What a shameful thing it is that the black shadow of financial anxiety should darken the mind of children before they are five years old! In the unemployed home the child cannot escape from that shadow, which may cause incalculable harm to its mental and spiritual development.

What a shameful thing it is that in the wealthiest industrial country in the world tens of thousands of our children are denied some of the necessaries of life.

Every little girl likes new clothes, is proud of a pretty dress. In the unemployed homes of Britain there are thousands of little girls who resent, with the helpless intensity of childhood, the fact that their new dresses are always somebody else's old ones.

I measured the bitterness of that resentment

The spectre of "the rent man" overshadows the lives even of the little children . . .

recently in an unemployed miner's home, where the four-year-old daughter held out the skirt of a new frock for my admiration.

I duly admired it—but apparently not quite enough. She seized my hands and said eagerly, with tears in her eyes: "But it came from the shop."

The cheap cotton frock represented a Great Occasion—*the first time in her life she had had a dress that had not belonged to someone else before it reached her!*

Another girl of thirteen came with me to the 'bus and talked about school. She loved the sewing hour, spoke with a craftsman's enthusiasm about design and stitches.

This year her class was making underslips—silky material printed with rosebuds.

"Lovely," I remarked.

"Oh!" she said bitterly, "if your father is unemployed and you can't pay for material you just practise on teacher's old patches!"

The mental scars which poverty inflicts on a sensitive child—and the majority of children are sensitive—take a long time to heal. The physical marks are equally enduring.

"The school doctor says our Joan has rickets," a mother told me at the end of a meeting some months ago, "so now she is having milk and cod-liver oil at school."

But Joan should have had the free milk and cod-liver oil *before* she developed rickets.

Her mother wrote out her weekly budget. After rent, coal, gas, clubs, etc., are paid, she never has more than 15s. to 16s. for the week's food—for five people. So little Joan has rickets.

Much of the damage caused by poverty and underfeeding in childhood cannot be repaired in adolescent or adult years. The child victims of unemployment and inadequate wages will carry the marks of the last few years on their bodies to the end of their lives.

Officialdom refuses to admit the prevalence of malnutrition, and is fond of saying that this is really a complicated and difficult subject about which even medical experts find it impossible to agree.

Let us therefore leave the arguments about "malnutrition" to the experts, and talk about *underfeeding*—a word plain enough for the comprehension of a Cabinet Minister.

If a child cannot get the diet which every authority declares to be necessary to supply energy, to build healthy bone, teeth and tissue, and to enable the body to resist infection and disease, that child is underfed.

I believe that 100 per cent. of the children in unemployed households are underfed.

LAST year I carried out a Household Budgets enquiry in the group of unemployed households in various areas, from which budgets were obtained. There were 1,270 children.

Ninety-four per cent. of these children lived in families with no more than 4s. per head per week to spend on food—the majority having from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per week. The other 6 per cent. were in families which had 4s. to 5s. 6d per head per week for food.

Sir John Orr declared over a year ago—and no responsible person has dared to question this—that 4s. per head per week for food means a diet deficient in every constituent, that 6s. per head per week means a diet deficient in "protective" foods, though sufficient in body building and fuel foods.

The most urgent need of our time is a National Policy for Nutrition. Food, not physical exercises, must be the basis of that policy.

We should begin with milk—a public milk supply is as essential as a public water supply. We could make a start by amending the existing milk in schools scheme—double the ration supplied daily and make the milk available *free* to all children who wish to take it.

More than half of our school children are outside the scheme—officialdom says that this is not due to poverty—that it is because the children don't like milk, or that their parents are indifferent.

Officialdom is terribly blind. We know that thousands of children *say* they don't like milk, because they don't like to tell the teacher that mother can't give them 2½d. a week to pay for it.

Along with free milk for school children we should have free and cheap milk for expectant and nursing mothers and young children

To-day every third gallon of milk produced goes to a factory, which gets its supply for less than it costs the farmer to produce it. The loss on manufacturing milk is borne by the housewife who buys liquid milk and by the taxpayer who contributes a subsidy for this purpose

How much better it would be to cheapen milk to the housewife and to subsidise not the butter and cheese factories which are making handsome profits, but the mothers and children of the nation.

Judged by rearmament standards, the cost would be trifling indeed.

A national milk supply would help to eliminate the class distinction in health which is one of the greatest blots on our social system.

EXCLUSIVE INFORMATIONS DIRECTED BY SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Rogues' Trail of Ruin

FOR some months my Investigation Department has been taxed to its utmost capacity dealing with the complaints of great numbers of traders and other people in all parts of Britain who claim that they have been defrauded by the travellers of a firm named Messrs. Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., of Oxford Street, London, W.

The heaviness of the work which has fallen on me in consequence may be judged from the fact that every week I have had innumerable personal interviews with victims while the number of telephone calls, telegrams and letters which have been necessary runs well into over four figures.

I am thankful that the dissemination of the information gathered by my Department has been successful in almost every case in assisting the ends of justice.

The managing director and director of a firm named Rentit, Ltd., are two individuals named H. J. Herbert and A. E. Cole, both of whom also control Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., at the same address.

Lord Justice MacKinnon has recently commented in downright terms on the frauds of the canvassers who represent Cole and Herbert in obtaining agreements from the public and also on the conduct of Mr. Herbert and Mr. Cole.

* * *

"I can only hope," his Lordship said, "that the report of these proceedings may be diffused among the public so widely that, as a result, members of the public may refuse to have further dealings with people who behave in so roguish a fashion."

I gladly respond to the learned Judge's invitation.

Following his condemnation, I can now disclose that in all the vast number of complaints regarding Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., with which I have lately had to deal, the same sad story of deception has been told.

As a consequence of the activities of the travellers of Herbert and Cole—"a company without the most elementary sense of honesty or decency," to quote Lord Justice MacKinnon again—honest hard-working people, in numbers too appalling to contemplate, are suffering a financial burden which, in many cases, has ruined their lives.

Executions have been remorselessly levied on struggling small shopkeepers and tradesmen, who, before they met the representatives of Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., were just able to make ends meet.

Some are even facing the possibility of imprisonment for defaulting in payments under court orders obtained by the firm.

Only the other day a man called on me whose wife has had to go to the extremity of pawning her wedding-ring to help meet the exactions of Automatic Salesmen, Ltd.

Lord Justice MacKinnon, in the case I have mentioned, was dealing with an appeal by a retired sergeant-major. "He was induced," his lordship said, "to sign a hire-purchase agreement by the fraud of one of the company's canvassers.

"One might suppose that Rentit, Ltd., on being apprised of this," he proceeded, "would have readily assented to the agreement being treated as set aside and returned the money that it had recovered under the previous judgment of the Registrar. Any man or any company with the most elementary sense of honesty or decency would have so acted. Rentit, Ltd., and Mr. Herbert, its managing director, and Mr. Cole, its director, apparently do not feel moved by these motives."

In no case has information yet reached me that moneys which were recovered by Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., under previous county court judgments have been refunded to the victims.

On the contrary, the information in the possession of my Investigation Department shows that county court proceedings are still being actively prosecuted all over the country. But difficulty is now being experienced in securing the attendance at the courts of the members of the gang of criminals who are among the travellers of Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., and who have been responsible for leaving a trail of misery among such a great number of people.

It was stated by Cole in one case that he was not aware of the character of the traveller which had just been made known to the judge. Both Herbert and Cole, however, are now fully aware of the criminal records of men like John Moore, James Moore, Fenbow, and Davis (alias) Ginsburg, who are among their representatives.

* * *

But my Department has not received any information which would give me the slightest reason to suppose that proceedings in actions where these scoundrels should be witnesses have been or will be withdrawn.

At Loughborough County Court a few days ago it was submitted that certain travellers of Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., had been guilty of fraud and conspiracy, and that the business was fraudulent.

His Honour Judge Galbraith dismissed the claim of Automatic Salesmen, Ltd., and awarded costs on the highest scale to a poor shopkeeper who was the defendant. Five similar cases were withdrawn by Automatic Salesmen, Ltd.

I expect that the Investigation Department of JOHN BULL will now have to cope with a deluge of further complaints, but I am glad to say that the Department is well equipped to deal with them all.

Sir Wyndham Childs—"I gladly respond to the invitation of Lord Justice MacKinnon"

BUNK *for* Booklovers

THE strangest organisation which has come into existence in recent weeks is one with the extraordinary title of the Book Censorship Board.

It foreshadows, if it lives up to its title, a new terror for authors and publishers—and, incidentally, some danger to people who may be induced to part with money to the Board.

The queer Censorship Board made its birth known a few days ago by newspaper announcements inviting applications from "intelligent gentlefolk" for affiliation as book-reviewers.

Already a large number of people seem to have been tempted to get in touch with the Board and all of them have received astonishing communications from a Mr. Frank J. White, who describes himself as the secretary.

The Board, we find, does not even possess an office. Its headquarters are White's modest home in Black Lion Lane, Hammersmith, London, W.

* * *

White represents that the Board is desirous of affiliating representative library users to whom it may apply for opinions on current literature.

Those who consent to give their services are informed that they will be proposed for membership of what is called the Faculty of Criticism—"a new foundation for which it is expected a Royal Charter will be granted."

This is a most impudent statement because there is no such organisation as a Faculty of Criticism and, even if one is created by White's imagination, it would certainly not have the privilege of a Royal Charter of any kind.

All that the candidates for membership have to do is to read books and for giving their opinions of them receive payment of 10s. 6d. for every hundred pages they read. They are assured that, by their reading, they have an opportunity of earning a minimum income of £4 5s. weekly, rising in the spring and autumn to about £1 weekly.

But before book-lovers are given this well-paid and genteel employment, they must first send £1 to White as a fee for enrolment in what he calls the Post Graduate Course in Right Reading!

People who pay any money to White, the Book Censorship Board, the Faculty of Criticism or any of the other monstrous, half-baked organisations named deserve to lose it.

HEARTLESS *Eviction* DECREE

AUTOCRACY in local government must have reached its uttermost limit in the district of Somersham, near St. Ives, Huntingdonshire.

It may seem incredible—but tenants of council houses there are threatened with eviction from their homes because they have dared to put linoleum on the floors.

To a visitor to Somersham on a summer day the houses built by St. Ives District Council make a pleasant picture of rural beauty.

But when rain and storms sweep the countryside part of the housing estate becomes a quagmire and occupiers have to walk on planks to avoid the small lakes which surround their homes.

The truth is that the site of the houses is damp and the council seems to have forgotten to arrange for a proper system of drainage.

Now the authorities fear the penetration of damp to the floor-boards of the houses and believe that, if linoleum is laid, the floors may rot and collapse.

But as the damp is not likely—so far—to rise to the higher parts of the houses, the tenants are graciously allowed to put down linoleum on their upper bedroom floors.

The case of one council house tenant can be taken as typical of others. He could not afford to buy carpets for the ground-floor rooms and he and his wife were tired of the sight of bare boards. So they recklessly covered the floors with linoleum.

Sir Kingsley Wood, Minister of Health, surely will not tolerate scandals like these

For doing so they have been ordered to quit.

It is bad enough that houses built with public funds should be in such condition that the floors are in danger of rotting with dampness.

It is monstrous that the occupiers of them should be faced with the prospect of eviction for no other offence than covering the unsound floors with linoleum.

Official stupidity and harshness could not possibly go farther.

Flaxen-Haired Cheat

PERHAPS the most audacious rogue at large in the country to-day is a very tall, cultured and well-spoken individual about thirty years of age, who can be identified both by his immense mass of curly flaxen hair and by his methods of deceit.

Always he poses as the son and heir of some member of the British nobility. Reports about his frauds have reached JOHN BULL in the last few days from Harrogate, Glasgow, Liverpool, Doncaster, Oxford and Bournemouth.

He sometimes calls himself Cambridge and, wherever he arrives, he lets it be understood that he has just come by air on a rush visit from the Continent.

His knowledge of the peerage and of the movements and history of famous people is certainly wide and deep and he exploits it to the full. So well, indeed, that it has not been unusual for him to obtain hundreds of pounds on one day from different people whom he has encountered in hotels, at social functions and so on.

Cambridge, who is a complete impostor, does not even pay his hotel bill and scores of tradesmen are also among his victims.

The other day he gate-crashed a dance at a London West End hotel, and in less than half an hour had obtained £150 from a woman who had never seen him before, but who accepted his statement that he was the heir to a peerage.

To impress prospective dupes, the flaxen-haired young man has on a number of occasions chartered an aeroplane and made them believe that it is his own machine, which he offers to pledge with them as security for substantial "loans."

Cambridge is not even his name. He is David Crawford, and JOHN BULL can identify him as a criminal who has served six prison sentences in the past eight years.

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AN OLD LADY on the RACK

ONLY a few months ago the Board of Lunacy Control issued a statement which was emphasised by Government spokesmen with the obvious purpose of removing public disquiet regarding the large number of persons who are unnecessarily detained in mental institutions.

In that statement the Board of Control admitted that an appreciable number of people in asylums and similar establishments were in a fit state to be allowed a trial in community life, and the Board urged that every opportunity should be given for their rehabilitation.

What was the measure of sincerity in that announcement? Let it be tested by the case of Miss Emma Cann.

It represents, perhaps, the most deplorable scandal which has ever occurred in connection with the suspect lunacy administration of this country.

Reform must come

It demands nothing less than a Parliamentary sponsored enquiry, and JOHN BULL believes that, when the investigation is undertaken, complete reform of the lunacy laws of Britain will be an inevitable consequence.

Miss Emma Cann is seventy years of age. She is the daughter of a clergyman and a woman of culture and refinement. She may be best described as a Victorian gentlewoman.

Until two and a half years ago she lived alone in a small cottage at Freshford, near Bath, in Somerset. She then had only very small means, and, as she was not at all domesticated, her humble home was not in the best condition for lack of the household assistance which she could not afford.

There had never been the slightest suggestion or suspicion, however, that Miss Cann was a lunatic or even in any way mentally unstable.

It is no an exaggeration to say that she was dearly loved by the people in the part of Somerset among whom she had spent so many years.

By most of them she was recognised to be somewhat eccentric in a few of her ways, but always she was completely harmless.

Then, two and a half years ago, fortune changed for the old lady. In her seventieth year a new and better life seemed to become open to her.

A brother died, and by his will she became possessed of an assured income of about £1,000 a year.

For the first time in her long life Miss Cann saw the chance to abandon her solitary home life and to spend the rest of her days in comfort in good surroundings and with companionship.

Swift tragedy

She acted quickly. She decided to move to Cornwall, and went to that county for a few days to acquire a quiet and charming house, belonging to a titled lady, situated on the Cornish moors above Penzance.

Miss Cann then returned to Freshford to arrange for the disposal of her cottage there.

She had been back in her home for only a few hours when disaster fell. She was seated at her writing-table composing a letter to a woman who had arranged to enter her service in Cornwall as a companion-housekeeper.

Three men arrived at the house—a Poor Law official, a lay magistrate, and a doctor—and she was taken by them to a waiting motor-car.

In an hour the old lady to whom fortune and happiness had come so recently found herself in a public asylum —certified as a lunatic. Everything was taken from her, even her shoes.

There was great indignation among the people of Freshford. In their name

Sir Laurence Brock, Chairman of the Lunacy Control Board, will no doubt consent to full investigation of this amazing case

a protest was made by a vicar of the Church of England. It was ineffective. Miss Cann was transferred to another and more distant asylum.

Next—still certified as insane—she was removed to the house of a doctor at Somerton, Somerset, where she has been detained ever since.

The authorities had appointed a receiver for her estate, and out of it a sum of about £10 10s. weekly is paid to the doctor.

Miss Cann is allowed no liberty at all and is under the constant attendance of a woman described as a nurse.

There is a censorship of the letters she receives, and letters she sends to relatives, friends and solicitors are posted secretly and at places far away from the district where she is under detention. It would not, of course, be advisable to reveal the agencies by which she is able to despatch these letters.

They are pitiable, appealing communications. Every line of them portrays vividly her unhappiness in the loss of her liberty and contact with her friends.

And Miss Cann has many good friends. Her nearest relative is a man of considerable means with an estate in Scotland. It might be thought at least that some intimation would have been given to him by the authorities when they decided to make her a captive in such extraordinary circumstances.

They did nothing of the kind. They did not even approach him to discuss the appointment of a receiver for her estate.

This gentleman, clergymen, well-known Members of Parliament, eminent doctors and one of the foremost solicitors in Britain have all tried to obtain Miss Cann's freedom and to have her restored to her own people.

Not only have they all completely failed. Not one of them has been able to extract a single word of explanation from the Board of Control for her detention.

Offers have been made to provide Miss Cann with a home, and every care and attention that love and money can make possible.

Every offer of the kind is met with cold refusal. The Board of Control, notwithstanding its declarations about allowing high-grade mental patients to return to community life, refuses to allow Miss Cann even to spend a holiday with her kith and kin.

It is almost useless now to question Miss Cann's original certification. Let it be conceded that it was in order. What matters is her present condition.

One of the charges against her is that she suffers from delusions, chief of which is one that, when she inherited her brother's estate, she entered into negotiations to acquire a house from a titled woman in Cornwall!

That is not a delusion. There is abundant and complete proof that she did so when, almost at the same moment, she came into her fortune and was taken away as a lunatic.

Vicars testify

The extraordinary coincidence of these two events has astounded her friends, all of whom testify that, when they happened, her state of mind was no different from what it had always been during the many years they had known her.

For instance, the Rev. G. H. Kirkham, of Westwood Vicarage, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, states that he knew Miss Cann for more than twenty-five years prior to her being certified. She attended his church and both he and his wife never considered her to be insane. "She was eccentric, as many people are," writes Mr. Kirkham, "but that is no reason why she should have been put in a lunatic asylum."

Then there is the evidence of the Rev. Percival Goodrich, of Trunch Rectory, Norwich, who was formerly vicar at Freshford where Miss Cann had lived for most of her life. He states that she was of a shy and retiring temperament, but that was no doubt due to her living alone and to the small means which she had before she became entitled to her inheritance.

The vicar declares definitely that always for years he had found her rational and capable of managing her own affairs.

"I am sure," he adds, "that she would be quite well and happy at liberty and more so with a happy home and companionship."

Special attention must be paid to the word of this vicar. He has had a long experience of insane people—for many years he was chaplain of one of the largest asylums in Britain. He has seen Miss Cann since her certification and he is emphatic that she is not in any way insane and that she is now no different mentally than she was during the years she was one of his parishioners at Freshford.

Could be freed

But medical testimony is needed. Here it is.

Under the lunacy laws provision is made for a certified mental patient in detention to be examined by independent doctors with a view to release.

Two medical practitioners, both with wide knowledge of insanity, have recently visited Miss Cann at the place where she is detained and made two separate examinations of her on different dates. These doctors are Dr. Claud Fothergill and Dr. Elizabeth Casson.

The reports of these skilled practitioners after the two separate examinations both certify that Miss Cann could, without risk or injury to herself or anyone else, be discharged immediately.

An application was at once made to the Board of Control for the release of Miss Cann on the strength of these most definite reports, and that, if there should be any delay in granting her complete discharge, she should at least be allowed to go on holiday to the home of her nearest relative.

The Board of Control has refused both requests—again without a word of explanation.

Why is this seventy-year-old lady not allowed to have her liberty and to enjoy her income and the care and comfort with which her relatives and friends can provide her?

That question will best be answered by a Parliamentary Commission. The whole lunacy administration of Britain will be at stake on the answer when it is given.

The suffering of Miss Emma Cann may not have been in vain.

YOUNG COUPLE'S TORTURE

LAST year William Moore returned to Britain after completing his full period of Colour service with the Royal Artillery in India.

Moore married soon after he came home and he and his wife found joint employment at a farm in Gloucestershire.

His job was that of a handyman and his wife had to act as cook and housekeeper for the other workers on the farm.

The combined wages of the young couple were £2 16s. a week (out of which they had to provide their food) and they were given accommodation in a hut.

Mrs. Moore was about to have a baby. She and her husband recognised that it would be deplorable if it had to be born in the hut which was their only home.

So Moore approached his employer and told him that arrangements would have to be made for her to go to South Shields for the confinement.

The employer's reply was that if she went so must Moore. He would not keep one of them employed while the other was away.

It was insisted that Moore should surrender his job, and he and his wife found a tiny home in Campbell Street, South Shields.

A few days later the baby was born. The man went to the employment exchange and registered for work and unemployment benefit.

He was told that no benefit would be paid to him. The Ministry of Labour had made the extraordinary decision that he had left his job without reasonable cause and that he should be suspended from benefit!

To meet the immediate expenses of the confinement, Moore had therefore to sell most of the contents of his modest home. A bed and a sofa, bought on hire-purchase terms, were all that remained.

Soon after the birth, Moore came home one day and found his wife crying. Because they were behind in the payment of instalments, the firm which had supplied the bed had sent men to the house and taken it away. They took also even the pillow on which the baby was asleep.

The little family's bed is now the floor boards.

For their plight the Ministry of Labour is responsible.

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C A N D I

Cats

An unimpressive young man, but t Government should take a look at hi

DEAR MR. VICTOR HERVE
I shall not endorse the ne papers' description of you "Mayfair playboy," for the play in which you have indul ems to me as deplorable a busines can imagine.
You may have enjoyed the s reer which has landed you, at precocious age of twenty-one, in ankruptcy Court—a career of oney, lavish champagne parties ternational intrigue.
You may, for all I know, find so ing glamorous in your gun-runn tempt on a £2,500,000 scale which cording to your own words, to tempt on your life in a Contine el.
You may be proud of the facts u had an allowance, when a sch y at Eton, of £2,000 a year, th ile later you were earning £1,0 ar from a firm of outside brokers, uld afford to give a party at w thousand bottles of champagne unk.
I shouldn't be proud of them. I sh ep quiet about them.

* * *

For, though you may not car mit it, you have been used as a ca.
You are not the first young ma od educatio.i and with better con ns who has been employed in shares. As the godson of Ex-Q a of Spain, son of a former Br nister to Peru and nephew arquis, you must have been worth ugh: in gold to the firm of hr e wares you sold.
You are not the first young ve family is well known in c ic circles who has been engage e Merchants of Death to deal in ll of war.
In your case, it appears, the arms

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Catspaws in Arms Racket

RATS TO SIR KINGSLEY WOOD—FINING A MEDICAL MARTYR—THE RIGHT WAY WITH ROAD HOGS

An unimpressive young man, but the Government should take a look at him

DEAR MR. VICTOR HERVEY.—I shall not endorse the newspapers' description of you as a "Mayfair playboy," for the sort of play in which you have indulged seems to me as deplorable a business as one can imagine.

You may have enjoyed the short career which has landed you, at the precocious age of twenty-one, in the Bankruptcy Court—a career of easy money, lavish champagne parties and international intrigue.

You may, for all I know, find something glamorous in your gun-running attempt on a £2,500,000 scale which led, according to your own words, to an attempt on your life in a Continental hotel.

You may be proud of the facts that you had an allowance, when a schoolboy at Eton, of £2,000 a year, that a little later you were earning £1,000 a year from a firm of outside brokers, and could afford to give a party at which a thousand bottles of champagne were drunk.

I shouldn't be proud of them. I should keep quiet about them.

* * *

For, though you may not care to admit it, you have been used as a catspaw.

You are not the first young man of good education and with better connections who has been employed in touting shares. As the godson of Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, son of a former British Minister to Peru and nephew of a Marquis, you must have been worth your weight in gold to the firm of brokers whose wares you sold.

You are not the first young man whose family is well known in diplomatic circles who has been engaged by the Merchants of Death to deal in the implements of war.

In your case, it appears, the arms were destined for General Franco. In other cases it has been China, one of the South American republics—anywhere where there is a chance to encourage mass bloodshed and reap vast profits for the arms dealers.

I could tell you of quite a few young men who have been, like yourself, duped and ruined. Not all can boast of your doubtful privilege of being provided with an armoured car and troops as your escort.

But all, like you, were allowed to know nothing of their superiors—not even their names.

All were paid in the same way—by money in sealed plain envelopes. Until the crash came.

In your case, of course, there was no illegality. You were perfectly justified in the eyes of the law to try to make an easy half a million pounds by engaging in gun-running, even though you have ended up with liabilities of £123,955 and assets of eight shillings and twopence.

Whether you were justified from an ethical standpoint is a matter for your conscience.

But your experiences provide a lesson which others than you should learn.

* * *

They prove once more the imperative and urgent need to abolish the private trade in war materials, with all its dangers and evils.

The British Government, in its purblind obstinacy, has yet to be convinced of those evils. That is why I think that, though you are really a very unimportant and unimpressive youngster, our Ministers would do well to listen to your story.

It might encourage them to remember the exploits of other wealthy young men who have been exploited by the international arms syndicates.—JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Health Minister

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—Rats, sir! And rats, again! Because there is no regular collection of refuse in the Essex village of Danbury rats have multiplied and become a nuisance.

Yet you have stopped the parish council from paying the villagers a penny a tail for catching rats. What a ridiculous "penny wise" policy, when rats cause £20,000,000 worth of damage annually.—JOHN BULL.

Sir IAN HAMILTON,
Revered War Veteran

DEAR SIR IAN,—Just like a chivalrous old soldier not to belittle the spinsters who are on the "warpath" for pensions, or grudge them anything they can "wangle."

Just like you, too, not to mince words, but to make it clear that some of those who made huge fortunes out of the goldmines bought with the blood of Tommy Atkins have not given a penny to help South African War veterans now striking "the bad years."

I hope you have pricked some consciences, if any!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. RONALD POWELL,
London Magistrate

SIR,—I, too, think children are luxuries, but, apparently, not the same way as you—who lumps them together with gloves and electric-irons.

Children cannot be purchased, I know. But the luxury of living would be increased if many more who love them could better afford to have them.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman G. F. TITT,
Manchester Education Committee

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—So your committee won't authorise an annual Peace Day in the schools, turns down the scheme put forward by an association of mothers who want children taught something about the futility of war.

Though a good pacifist, you "would not like the schools used for any form of propaganda."

Propaganda, eh? I call it the little bit of knowledge which, properly taught before 1914, might have saved ten million brave young lives and the distress to which generations are now condemned.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. WILLIAM CARSON,
Belfast

DEAR DOCTOR,—It's a strange world which needs your appearance in a police court to make known your splendid fight against cancer.

You even inoculated yourself with a living culture of the disease, and for nine years your health has suffered from your researches.

Though regretting that you have been fined for failing to keep a register of a pain-deadening drug, I send you good wishes and grateful thanks.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE SINGLETON,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—I'm relieved to know that you've jailed George Elliott for twelve months and disqualified him from driving for fifteen years.

"By wicked recklessness," as you said, he killed one man and left another with a broken spine to live in pain for the rest of his life.

Elliott is now aged twenty-two, so perhaps he will have reached the years of discretion by the time he is allowed to drive again. But I should have avoided any element of doubt by disqualifying him for life.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. CROOKSHANK,
Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR,—In many ways you have already proved yourself the best Minister of Mines we have had for years.

You have kept peace in the industry, and you are taking steps to prevent accidents

Twelve thousand miners a month are being equipped by their employers with protective helmets that will minimise injury risks in the event of falls of roof.

But at that rate it will take ten years before all the miners are equipped.

Why not make it compulsory for the mineowners to provide helmets for their men? The men would thank you.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. W. PHILLIPS,
Darley Dale, Derbyshire

DEAR SIR,—Millions will agree that it's unnatural for man to work and that he works only because he must.

And you oppose the growing idea that when our enforced toil is over we should fly to the gymnasium, to make ourselves slow and muscle-bound and not, as Nature intended, to go into the open air and get health and relaxation.

Millions will agree with that, too. So do I.—JOHN BULL.

COUN. W. H. SHEPHARD, Colchester: Unable to find beauty queen they've made you "beauty king." This should open the oysters with loud guffaws.—JOHN BULL.

MR. C. C. DAVIS, Tailor: What size pockets do you put in pants of those customers who summon you to Paris to measure for pair of flannels?—JOHN BULL.

Our Very Special Investigator Seeks

Coppers From Heaven

IF during the next few weeks delighted readers discover that I am missing from the south-east corner of this page, they need not flatter themselves that I have been unfrocked, warned off the course for life or awarded a permanent disability pension.

Ha, ha, here you are!

It will simply mean that I am pursuing in remote corners of darkest England an investigation that has already taken me into the more congested areas of Belgravia and the great open spaces back o' beyond Hammersmith Broadway—nothing more or less than a search for the ideal policeman.

This quest of the golden cop was embarked upon following a pronouncement by Mr. T. Rawson, Chief Constable of Bradford, who, addressing the Chief Constables' Association of England and Wales, set forth the qualifications which should be possessed by an A1, O.K., unshrinkable, non-skid policeman, the same being:

Intelligence (not mere learning);
Knowledge of road problems;
Stable character;
Physique commanding the ordinary man's respect;
Well-groomed appearance;
Sound family history.

If any reader while going about his business or pleasures should stub his toe against a helmet beneath which he finds a bloke answering to these specifications will he please forward bloke by parcel post to "JOHN BULL'S Very Special Investigator, Long Acre, W.C.2." Finder may keep the helmet.

Although mine is a sunny, optimistic nature, I don't fancy that a squad of extra office-boys will have to be enlisted to cope with the job of unwrapping packages.

I may mention that already I have driven a two-seater through the Highway Code, have walked on the grass, poked sticks at the animals, hung around slot machines with the air of a person intent upon defrauding same, conversed with street bookmakers and otherwise behaved in a highly suspicious manner.

But so far I have not succeeded in inducing an ideal policeman of commanding physique to lay a well-groomed hand on my arm and remark, in a voice appropriate to a man of stable character and sound family history: "Youcommerlongwimme."

Mind you, I don't doubt that our police are almost as wonderful as the film stars in their courses declare them to be, but when I look down Mr. Rawson's list of "musts"—well, I meantersay!

If you want a recipe for that popular mystery,
The really and truly pluperfect P.C.,
Take half the remarkable figures of history.
With merits diverging to quite a degree.
A Sandow's physique is a patent necessity
If he'd command common people's respect;
Anything such as a hint of obesity
Would be considered a hopeless defect.
A well-groomed appearance, of course, is *de rigueur*,
Intelligence higher than mine, say, or yours;
Feet such as never would win a rude snigger,
A character Bishops would greet with applause;
Breeding and birth of a Spaniard of Arragon,
With never a flaw in the family tree—
These points (and others) will give you that paragon
Rawson requires as a humble P.C.

T. Z.

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They respect no covenants and observe no standards of international conduct. They acknowledge no authority except that of force

The Riddle of Hitler

by

A. G. GARDINER

EVEN Mr. George Lansbury, with his beautiful faith in the good intentions of men, must in these days have his doubts about Herr Hitler, whose latest manœuvre has brought the European barometer down with a bang.

Once more—as in the case of the British questionnaire, which is unanswered to this day—he has snubbed his country by cancelling the visit which his Foreign Minister was to pay to London.

Once more he has joined Mussolini in sabotaging non-intervention in Spain.

Once more he has flung himself passionately into the Spanish quarrel on the pretence of an attack on the *Leipzig* for which, so far, not a fragment of real evidence has been offered.

What does it mean? We know quite well what Mussolini means. Unlike his fellow dictator, he is a noisy fellow, who shouts his insults and defiance at us in an unchanging scream, and who never makes any concealment of what he is after.

His policy is to turn the Mediterranean into an Italian lake, and as Britain is the chief obstacle to the achievement of that goal, he naturally takes us the target of his venom.

He got away with the first phase of his policy in Abyssinia, which gives him a stranglehold on the Suez Canal, and he is now embarked on his second task, which he hopes will give him a stranglehold on the Straits of Gibraltar.

For with his creature Franco in control of Spain, he expects to be the effective dictator of the policy of that country.

That is all clear. But he is not having a "walk-over" in Spain that he was allowed to have in Abyssinia, and even with the fall of Bilbao the end is still not in sight.

He is pursuing it, however, with unabating purpose. He is so deep in the adventure that he cannot afford to let go.

And, moreover, the colossal vanity of the man was so stung by the Italian defeat before Madrid that he may be expected to gamble everything he has on wiping out that defeat.

With Mussolini, therefore, we know where we stand. He is out for victory in Spain at all costs.

But the case of Hitler is different. Germany has no foothold in the Mediterranean, no interest to defend there except the freedom of the sea, which has been secured by British power for more than a century.

Nor has she any visible reason for wishing to make Mussolini the real dictator of Spain. And it is notorious that the German military experts have been averse to the gamble.

Why then does Hitler suddenly give England the cold-shoulder and plunge afresh into the Mediterranean quarrel? The answer has to be sought elsewhere than in Spain, or in the story of a torpedo attack on the *Leipzig*.

If there were any reality in that story the first thing we should expect Hitler to want would be an investigation. But that is precisely what he won't have. And he must forgive us if we suspect that the *Leipzig* "outrage" belongs to the family of the Reichstag fire.

In seeking the answer to the question it is necessary to understand the Hitler technique.

He is a skilful and subtle opportunist. He does not, like his opposite number in Rome, call us "hyænas," or instruct his Press to guy our Coronation.

He is generally very civil, and likes nothing better than to talk of his love of peace and of his good intentions to our Lansburys and Lloyd Georges.

But all the time he keeps his "Berlin-Rome axis" well greased and in good working order, and when things are going well with the "axis" it is his practice to give us a cold douche.

He has done that now and for obvious reasons. Non-intervention has been much more effectively torpedoed than the *Leipzig* was, and the fall of Bilbao is the biggest success that the dictator has had in Spain.

Then the military executions in Russia have profoundly shocked European feeling and have created a widespread distrust of the military efficiency of the Soviet.

Added to these things, the fall of M. Blum has renewed the fear that constitutional government in France rests on a very shaky foundation.

All these facts are bear-points for the Franco-Russian pact and bull-points for the Berlin-Rome pact. For the moment the Fascist *bloc* in Central Europe is in the ascendant, and a decisive victory for Mussolini and his puppet in Spain would be very helpful to Hitler's designs in Eastern Europe.

With non-intervention sabotaged in Spain and collective security sabotaged in Abyssinia, Hitler could push forward with his programme from Danzig to the Balkans with the full countenance of Mussolini and without fear of effective interference by the peacemakers.

One good turn deserves another, and what Germany has done in supporting Mussolini in Spain, Italy could do in backing up Hitler in Czecho-Slovakia. That country, with its considerable German population, may well be the scene of the next revolution organised under the auspices of Berlin and Rome.

These, I think, are the calculations which explain Hitler's cold fit towards the Western democracies and his sudden ardour in the Spanish business. The fit will pass with a change of atmosphere, and Hitler will be polite again, and, I fear, just as untrustworthy.

And the question that arises is what is the policy that the democratic Powers, and especially this country, should pursue in face of this ceaseless pressure of the dictatorships?

They respect no covenants and observe no standards of international conduct. They acknowledge no authority except that of force.

They have broken up the League, torn up every covenant, destroyed collective security, made a jest of non-intervention.

Surrender to their belligerency only stimulates their audacity and encourages their belief that they have but to threaten in order to prevail.

If a halt is not called to this insolence of dictatorship there can only be one result. Europe cannot live permanently on the edge of an abyss.

The time has come—indeed, has come long since—for plain speaking and firm action.

It may be that the gangster of Rome is beyond the reach of civilised appeal, and that there is nothing to do with him but to be prepared to deal with his criminal adventures in the only terms he understands.

But Hitler, we may hope, is still accessible to reason. Let him clearly understand that if he wants the friendship of this country it is his on one condition—that he will play the part of a good European and come in to help to save civilisation from catastrophe.

If that is not his intention, then let us consolidate the democratic Powers against the menace that threatens them all in common. They still form the greatest potentiality in the world—the British Commonwealth, the American Commonwealth, France, and the Scandinavian countries.

They have the same devotion to peace, the same hatred of war, the same belief in the sanctity of law, the same code of international morality. And their material and economic power is so overwhelming that, with a common front and a common determination, they can make war too desperate a gamble for the war-makers to hazard.

SEVENTEEN STAGGERED TYPISTS

THE other day seventeen girl typists who work together in one room in the Office of Works, Whitehall, rushed home excitedly.

They had solved a problem that had baffled them, their parents, and all their relations and friends for more than a year. "It's ever such a simple story," they said. And so it is, as you will see for yourself.

* * *

It begins on a day fifteen months ago, when some scholarly looking men inspected their room and secretly attached a gadget to each desk.

Those men were as much objects of mystery as their gadgets. They wouldn't breathe a word as to who they were. Even now we reveal that they were from His Majesty's Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

Then a mass of apparatus was carried into an adjoining ante-room under conditions of great secrecy, and, a door having been bolted and barred, a notice was nailed on the upper panels with the words: "No admittance."

Just an Illuminating Story

Strange articles called microammeters arrived in the room of the seventeen typists, and were attached to photo-electric cells.

A Westinghouse rectifier was introduced.

A mirror was suspended to a wall. Part of the silvered back was removed, and behind it was fixed the dial of a watch.

And now a cinematograph camera was hauled in. Private theatricals? No, it was at once focused with unerring accuracy on the face of the watch. . . .

Oh, it would be ridiculous to go on relating what mysterious things were done in that room of the seventeen typists.

Sufficient to say that these peculiar rites went on for twelve long months and that not a single girl in the room had a breakdown in consequence.

It would need a book to describe in full what happened. And it is worthy of note that such a book has been published by His Majesty's Stationery Office. About 10,000 words, made up of such phrases as: "Another frequency curve was obtained by plotting the number of observations against the logarithm of the illumination, the successive increments in the latter being 0.1.

* * *

Yet certain things are quite understandable to those seventeen typists.

One is the phrase: "As far as can be ascertained, the occupants of the room were not aware of the nature of the test."

Another is the news that it was a test, to ascertain how much daylight was necessary for the seventeen typists.

In case it interests you: "It is now known that in the case of the human eye, the response of light is proportional to the logarithm of the stimulus, so that by considering the logarithm of the illumination rather than the illumination itself, the geometric mean so obtained should give a closer approximation to the true value of the quantity being sought."

* * *

So now you know.

And so do seventeen staggered girls.

"INQUEST BLUNDER"

Certain statements in the article under the heading "Terrible Inquest Blunder at Northampton," in our issue of June 12, have, we regret, been misunderstood as imputing a serious error in the performance of his duties on the part of the Northampton (Borough) Coroner.

It was not our intention to criticise in any way his conduct or professional reputation. There is not the slightest foundation for any such imputation, and if anything we published gave the contrary impression, we offer him our sincere apologies

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VACANCIES OCCUR for 30 men aged 18-25 in the Post Office Eng. Dept. Experience is not required, but applicants must be willing to study technical subjects. Commencing pay, £3 15s., rising to £7 per week and upwards, with pension. For full particulars apply, D.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17, Stratford Place, W.1.

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CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1937 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356 Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

YOUNG MEN physically fit should join the Police. Study at home in your spare time. Special Courses for Entrance and Promotion; 1/- per week brings success. Full particulars or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, FREE.—Dept. A.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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Nature's way

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For a beautiful complexion, a skin free from disfiguring blemishes—one thing is essential—*innercleanliness*. Your system must rid itself regularly of wastes and impurities. Constipation must be corrected. But *not* by habit-forming laxatives. They make you a slave to 'daily-dosing.'

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INNERCLEAN is pleasant and easy to take. The dose is a coffee-spoonful (dry from the packet) washed down with water. No mixing or brewing. Get INNERCLEAN to-day. 2/6 and 4/6 per packet.

40 Doses for 30 Pence—from all Chemists

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Send coupon for FREE SAMPLE with twopence in stamps for postage of FREE packet of Innerclean. Address: Messrs. Brooks & Warburton, Ltd., 232, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1

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FREE to Cyclists! A Guinea Dynamo Lighting Set. This special offer to John Bull readers is made by the well-known house of Read, O'Brien, Ltd., to introduce their popular wheel in the latest 1937 Cycles. See advt. on p. 3.

SAVE MONEY on Floor-covering. Long-wearing Parquetum costs only 15/- for 90 sq. ft. roll 2 yds wide. Send for Free samples. Parquetum is Waterproof, Rotproof, Sanitary, Silent and easily cleaned. Lies flat without fixing. Write NOW for samples.—J. B. Andrew & Sons, Sutherland Sq., LONDON, S.E.17.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Mental Fears, Shyness, etc., send for my free book.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.36), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

A FREE packet of Innerclean for constipation and irregularity of the system. Write coupon in the display advertisement on this page, together with 2d. stamp, to Brooks & Warburton, Ltd., Dept. L., 232, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

A TRIAL Tube of Kolynos Dental Cream will be sent on application to Kolynos (Dept. 11B), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1. See p. 29.

FREE to sufferers from Leg and Circulatory Troubles! Sample of ELASTO and copy of a special free booklet. Fill in coupon on Back Cover.

A FREE supply of Steradent, which cleans and purifies dentures, is offered to readers sending 1½d. stamp to Steradent, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.96), Damson Lane, Hull. See p. 29.

ACCEPT this wonderful health offer! For a 1/3 packet of Feen-a-mint, the pleasant chewing laxative, and the manufacturers will send you absolutely free, a full-size 1/- packet of Aspergum, the new pleasant and easy-to-take form of aspirin. This double health offer is yours. All you need do is to purchase the Feen-a-mint, take the "instruction sheet" out of the packet and send it with the coupon on page 27. Then the manufacturers will send you a full-size 1/- packet of Aspergum absolutely free. Mention that the offer appears in *John Bull*, but be sure to post to Whiten Laboratories, Ltd., Thames House, London, S.W.1.

BE rid of your digestive troubles by accepting this offer to test Digestif Rennie Tablets absolutely free! A full-size 6d. packet will be sent to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Digestif Rennie, E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., 36, Adelphi, Salford Manchester. The makers of Digestif Rennie have such confidence in the efficacy of this excellent remedy that they invite every sufferer to accept a free 6d. pkt. free. Write now! Offer appears only here.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE.—Pennings' "Every Mother's Book." Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.W. See page 18.

ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream will be sent to readers who write to Box 326/61A, Euthymol House, Bear St., London, W.1. Write for free sample now. See p. 28.

FREE Yeast is supplied with each tin of Viggermalt, with which you can make delicious beer. Further particulars appear on page 14.

A COOKERY Booklet of interest to every housewife: "Better Breakfasts." The makers of New World Gas Cookers offer every housewife and cook a free copy of the above interesting little booklet that gives you many new ideas, suggestions about meals which cook themselves together with "Regulo" settings and cooking times. Post coupon on page 23 to-day.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

This Man KNOWS your SECRETS

Births, deaths, marriages, illnesses, almost anything and everything that happens to us is recorded and placed in the keeping of the Registrar-General, Sir Sylvanus P. Vivian

JUST a hundred years ago—on July 1, 1837, to be exact—the craze for filling up Government forms began.

The Registration Service of the country, which expects to be told about every birth, marriage and death, and hungers for hundreds of other particulars about our lives as well, started on that date. And we have been filling up forms ever since.

Naturally, the Registrar-General, who works in a department of Somerset House surrounded by something like 200,000,000 records of our private lives, isn't going to let the great day pass without proper celebrations.

For instance, even *you*, the man who supplies the information, is going to be toasted at a huge banquet the registrars are attending in London. Local mayors and councils in a variety of towns are going to hold little parties of their own. There are even going to be Registration Church Services.

More than that, they are going to give a specially struck Commemorative medal to the man or woman born on the first day of compulsory registration, if such a person can be found.

"A lot of silly rejoicing over one of the worst irritations in our lives," you might think at first, with your mind running on some of the fatuous official questions you have been asked from time to time.

But make no mistake about it, the Registration Service—the only branch of Somerset House, by the way, that doesn't exist to chase you for your money—has some need to rejoice.

Picture Britain just prior to July 1, 1837. The only official record of a birth, a marriage or a death was a note made by the parson in the local parish register.

Many of these clergymen refused to keep the registers up to date. Many more forgot. At times of stress—wartime, for instance—the registers would be forgotten over vast tracts of Britain.

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"A MARRIAGE was solemnised by the Archdeacon of Sudbury, who forgot to leave the name of the couple," is a pre-1837 record typical of thousands they can show you at Somerset House.

We didn't know how many babies were born, so we couldn't be expected to know how many died in babyhood. Thus childhood diseases went unrecognised and we paid the price in hundreds of thousands of little lives every year.

We had no national records of deaths, so we couldn't be expected to know why people were dying. And so even epidemics were unnoticed until, growing out of hand, they swept the country like a plague.

People just died, and that's all there was about it. And if it were a sudden death, and an inquest had to be held, the doctor merely looked very wise and said "Natural Causes," and the coroner was satisfied.

"Natural Causes" doesn't satisfy the authorities to-day. We want to know who the enemy is nowadays, so that we can fight him.

Of every five babies born three died within five years. Some towns were filled with empty houses; others lacked a single rentable home; all because we had no statistics on marriage and built pell-mell.

How different to-day, thanks to registration.

To-day, the Registrar-General can give the number of the population, comparative ages, the rate of increase, the influence of occupation on the death-rate, the relation of district to disease, and a hundred other invaluable statistical facts in the time necessary to run over a few pages.

Somebody thought of Old Age Pensions. It took the then Registrar-General less than five minutes to tell Treasury officials how many people would be affected, what would be the cost, and what might reasonably be expected to be the cost in two, ten and a hundred years' time.

Somebody thought of Widows' Pensions. It took him no longer to provide the same information.

Tuberculosis, cancer, diphtheria—he turns the medical profession on to our worst scourges as you would turn a dog on to a rat.

Every single step towards social betterment which we have taken in the last fifty years would have been a step in the dark if it had not been for registration—and might therefore never have been taken if that reform had not been introduced.

And we might have taken many a false step if the records at Somerset House hadn't told over-eager legislators to call a halt.

What tricks can be played with the figures you help to provide.

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WE know, for instance, that a quarter of our schools will be superfluous in ten years' time. Shall we, therefore, call a halt in our school building programmes?

Some people seem to think so. We say we should meet the situation by turning the old slum schools into bonfires.

We know—also by reading child mortality figures in connection with birth-rate statistics—that there will be a grave surplus of houses in fifteen to twenty years' time.

All the more need to destroy the piggeries in which human beings have to live, we say.

The Registrar-General is not so worried about the decline of the birth-rate as you might imagine. He laughs at the popular myth that Victorian families always consisted of anything from eight to fifteen children.

The public memory always recalls the big family—forgets the small. Millions of married couples had one child or none at all in our grandmamma's days.

He doesn't share the view of theorists who say that at our present decline in birth-rate we shall have become depopulated in a hundred years. His figures show otherwise.

His only worry is that the decline is just enough to create certain social complications.

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FOR instance, there will be a bigger percentage of old people—due as much to the fact that we make old people live longer. That means more rheumatism, gout, gastric troubles, hardened arteries, and other complaints of old age—fewer infantile complaints.

There's more than a hint in that for the medical profession.

He knows that whereas we should build at least 97,000 new houses a year by way of replacement, the figure in fifteen years' time should be 4,500 annually. *Do you want your boy to be a builder?*

He knows that a famine in juvenile labour is just ahead of us.

He knows, too, by comparing the number of marriageable women with marriageable men in from ten to twenty years' time, that we are going to be at our wits'-end to find female labour.

To-day people talk about women stealing men's jobs. We are going to worry more about finding factory men to take the place of factory girls!

He knows that London is growing smaller. People are moving into an outer ring. Important news, that, for tradesmen, traffic concerns, local councils and many more.

Very important is his knowledge of how diseases go by occupations, districts, ages and so on. It has helped more than anything in bringing the day when a forty-years-old man has a 30 per cent. better chance of survival than a few years ago.

And that is a reminder of the fact that the Registrar-General knows from his figures that birth-rate isn't everything. Survival-rate is highly important.

In fact, the Registrar-General has worked out that table of Expectation of Life on which the insurance companies base their premiums.

Among other things, that table shows that babies have now a 40 per cent. better chance of living in twenty years, married women outlive single and single women outlive widows, mortality is higher in the North and becomes lighter as you march South like a delicate piece of shading.

London men cling harder to life than any provincials up to forty-five and then loosen their grip quicker, the outer ring of London is one of the healthiest places in the world, and that *your* children can expect to live seven years longer than you.

Not all that can be learned from the simple table prepared for insurance companies. But the amplified statistics show that and more.

It would be easier to catalogue what the Registrar-General cannot tell you on statistics than what he can. Here are some odd facts, for instance.

If our women marry at twenty-three or under they maintain the birth-rate at the Victorian level. Tell that to the people who tell you it's all birth-control.

The twelfth year is the danger year of marriage, as shown by divorce statistics.

There are three danger periods as far as road accidents are concerned—five to ten, the beginning of pedestrian activity uncontrolled by experience, twenty to twenty-five, the age of rashness, and old age.

St. Helens is a town of young people: Hastings the Mecca of the aged.

The idea that more girls used to be born but the war made a difference is silly superstition. There are always more girl babies. But the wastage of boys is greater from the first week of life and is chronically augmented later, by wars, pit disasters, occupational risks and so on.

If there is any truth in "too old at forty," half of us will be too old in fifty years' time. Making people live longer tends to make us a nation of old-age pensioners.

Then there are so many damning, irrefutable facts in the statistics that the Registrar-General yields.

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THEY make a fool of anybody who tries to argue against social service. They show the country to be healthier, longer-lived and therefore, one presumes, happier, for every step forward in social legislation.

They prove that Death's most frequent masquerade is in the shape of overcrowding.

Imagine two areas, one in which 3 per cent. of the people are living under overcrowded conditions and the other where 9 per cent. are affected in the same way.

The difference doesn't seem big—yet the infantile mortality would be 70 per cent. higher in the second area.

The longer you spend among the records of the Registration Office the more they seem to speak, like the walrus, of shoes, ships, sealing-wax and cabbages and kings.

But actually they speak of a happier Britain, less disease, longer lives, improved social conditions—things that might never have been if we hadn't started filling up forms just 100 years ago.

So fill up the silly ones and make allowances. Some of them are bricks towards the building of a still better Britain.

Warm Weather Health Hints

Helpful advice to all who want Good Health!

Mr. Shadforth, best known of all dispensing Chemists, as the founder of the Shadforth Prescription Service that is famous all over the civilised world.

DURING the next few months particularly, it is only common sense to take steps for safeguarding your health! Be prepared! Many people suffer needlessly from ailments which can be rectified quite easily. Changes in weather which upset constitutions—the pain and discomfort which follow normal eating, "nerves," those racking headaches, that "too old at Forty" feeling—be rid of them! There is a Shadforth remedy for every common ailment—a remedy which has been proved by time to be of the greatest aid. Scores of thousands owe their health and strength to them. They are reasonably priced and will save you doctors' bills. Go to your chemist to-day, or send direct, and let Shadforth Prescriptions bring you back to health!

THE SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS PUBLISHED BELOW WILL HELP YOU IN YOUR SEARCH FOR GOOD HEALTH

Send Your Order Now!

LIVER TROUBLES

Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth Prescription (No. 2,003).** Prices: **6d.** (30), **1/3** (100), **3/-** (300 pills).

Special Booklet on Liver Troubles (J.B.222). Price 2d. post free.

DON'T RISK HEAT WAVE COLLAPSE!

DOES your heart palpitate? Are you tired from morning to night? Sleepless yet needing sleep? Without appetite, yet needing the strength which foods can bring? You must not go on like this? Take "Blue Lion Fox Nuts," the modern tonic which pulls you together in a few hours. Frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall; life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, flutterings, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days.

Ask for "Blue Lion Fox Nuts." Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: **1/-** (25), **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B. 320). Price 2d. post free.

THE WORLD'S BEST HEALTH, HEART AND NERVE TONIC.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Why these Disturbed Nights?

KIDNEY and Bladder troubles can be relieved. Quickly. Surely. Until you have tried "**Shadforlors**" you may be enduring endless suffering from misery—mental as well as physical. There is not an ingredient in them that can do you the slightest harm. Cooling, cleansing, healing "**Shadforlors**" have been the successful remedy for Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding and Associated Liver, Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles and disturbed nights. Try them to-night. Prices: **1/6** (25), **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300).

Mr. Shadforth's valuable book (J.B. 254) on Bladder and Kidney Troubles. Price 2d. post free.

CORNS

WASH the feet well with hot water every night, using **Shadforth Formalin Soap (No. 960** - costs 1/-). Dry the feet and corns well with a rough towel and afterwards rub in a little Corn Salve (**No. 901**—costs 7½d.).

The Shadforth Booklet on "Corns" (J.B. 297). Price 2d. post free.

HEADACHE, NEURITIS

Painful Nerve-sheath Inflammation

ALL nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "**Shadspro Compound,**" the new pain-killer (**No. 283**). This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature and kills bacteria. Prices: **6d.** (10), **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

Shadforth Booklet (J.B. 260). Price 2d. post free.

FOR BACKACHE

Gout and Rheumatism and many Uric Acid Troubles

nothing is better than this tablet, composed of Potas. Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil, and Copaiba. This prescription stimulates the kidneys, reduces tension and swelling, expels uric acid, and has a soothing antiseptic effect on the Bladder. The methylene blue kills pain, it colours the urine blue. Dose: 1 or 2 thrice daily. **Shadforth Prescription (No. 40).** Prices: **6d.** (12), **1/4** (36), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 tablets).

For Backache consult the Shadforth Booklet (No. J.B. 197). Price 2d. post free.

ALOPECIA

(Hair Falling Out in Patches)

HERE is a Cream which makes hair grow on bald spots (alopecia) if promptly applied. It is an unfailing remedy in Scurf, Scaly Eczema and Ringworm, and most cases of Psoriasis. Ask for **Alopecia Prescription No. 880.** Price at **1/9** and **6/-**. The best soap to use in cases of Psoriasis, Hair Trouble, Scurf, and similar skin troubles is **Shadforth Birch Tar Soap (No. 930**, costs **1/-** per tablet. The best internal medicine is Potassium. Take this in the form of **Vi-Salts** (the new Potassium Table-salt) with each meal. Price **6d. Prescription No. 1250.** It nourishes the hair and prevents it going grey.

Consult Health News (No. J.B. 230) for the treatment of Hair Troubles. Price 2d. post free.

SKIN TROUBLES

HEALTHY FACE, LOVELY COMPLEXION

depend firstly on the blood beneath them, and only secondly on cream and powder. The best remedy for muddy or sallow complexions, acne or blackheads, boils, redness of skin and some forms of eczema, pimples and even carbuncles, is dispensed in dainty tablets as **Shadforth Prescription No. 442 (Skin Tonic Tablets).** They cleanse the blood. Try them for a couple of weeks and note, with satisfaction, the great improvement in your complexion. Don't cover up faults—cleanse them from within.

Prices: **1/-** (36), **1/9** (72), **3/3** (144).

The best soap to use while taking the tablets is Shadforth's Anti-Blackhead (Milk of Sulphur) Soap. Prescription No. 1064. Price **1/3.**

The Shadforth Book on Skin and Complexion Troubles (No. J.B. 322). Price 2d. post free.

INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, GASTRITIS

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

POPULARLY known as "White Lions," dispensed after the successful formula used in hospitals and clinics by prominent physicians. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Price: **6d.** (24), **1/4** (72 Lions), **2/6** (144 Lions), **7/-** (432 Lions), with Directions.

Special Book on Indigestion Cures, and on Treating of Digestive Troubles (J.B. 314). Price 2d. post free.

HEALTHY BLOOD

100 p.c. Purity. 100 p.c. Vitality

HERE is the Shadforth known, admirable and approved remedy for blood troubles. It eliminates rheumatic tendencies and soothes painful parts. It heals ulcers, sores, boils, eczema, and skin disfigurements. It purifies the blood, and blood is life. Ask for **Shadforth Blood Purifying Tablets (No. 1282).** Prices: **2/6, 4/6** and **13/-**

ARTIFICIAL TEETH

KEPT CLEAN

with **Shadforth Special Tooth Powder,** prepared specially for that purpose. Recommended by Dental Specialists. (Prescription No. **996**), at **1/-**.

The Shadforth Booklet relating to the subject (J.B. 270). Price 2d. post free.

False Teeth Hold Fast

all day long when you sprinkle on Shadforth's Dental Plate Powder (Prescription No. **994A**) – they fit snugly—comfortably—they cannot slip. Prescribed by world's leading dentists. Price: **9d.** and **2/6** per box.

NERVES

Absent-Mindedness, Loss of Memory, Debility, Depression, Lassitude

Nourish your Nerves and each new day will bring renewed Joy in Living.

YOU can pull through. Depression, Brain-Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia and that "tired feeling" are conditions and not diseases. Shadphos Tonic Tablets—act like magic. You are brighter in an hour and a new man in two days. A proved remedy. Prices: **1/-** (12), **1/9** (25), **3/3** (50), **6/-** (100), and **17/-** (300 Tablets). **Prescription 479.**

Special Book dealing with Nerve Troubles (J.B. 323). Price 2d. post free.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

AVOID Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse and sleeplessness; it leads to restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now (Prescription No. 1100/T).** Prices: **2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

Descriptive Book (J.B. 296). Price 2d. post free.

HÆMORRHOIDS

Quick Relief and Comfort

THIS Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Piles, Constipation, Sluggish Liver and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Piles any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Complete Fourfold Pile Treatment No. 294 DD.** Price **7/6.**

Descriptive Booklet (No. J.B. 325). Price 2d. post free.

ECZEMA

For dry, wet or scaly eczema, an approved remedy is found in **Eczema Ointment (No. 1369).** It is also excellent for Dandruff or Scurf. Prices: **6d., 1/-** and **1/9.**

Special New Formula for Vesicular Eczema **(No. 7228).** Price **2/6.**

Booklet on Eczema Treatment (No. J.B. 272). Price 2d. post free.

NEVERILL "OLD SALTS"

The best morning Saline for Indigestion, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it first thing every morning. Tasteless with tea. **For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.**

Prices: **3d., 6d.** and **1/-**

These prescriptions are obtainable privately packed and post free at these prices from

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Gidea Park: 2, Heath Park Parade
Hornchurch: 4, Highlands Parade
Romford: 44, London Road
Walthamstow, E.17: 168, High St.
West Ham, E.15: 1a, Durban Road

"Shadforth" famous Prescriptions may also be obtained from Boots, Timothy White's & Taylor's, and your Local or Leading Chemist, who will either hold stocks or will gladly obtain on request.

The prescriptions published on this page are not intended to usurp the function and rightful position of the registered medical practitioner.

Their job needs all the bravery of the battlefield — yet we take it for granted

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SHAME on the Railways!

By HANNEN SWAFFER

Their job needs all the bravery of the battlefield — yet we take it for granted

I WONDER what hero it is this time. . . . I am due at Plymouth, this week-end, to present the Order of Industrial Heroism to some railway worker who saved life, or lives. I do not yet know his name, or what he did. They will tell me that when I get there

Heroism on the railway is so much an everyday affair that we take it for granted.

"It's all in the job." Yet it equals the bravery of the battlefield. . . .

Last September, at Battersea, I presented the Order to the widow of Alfred Gardiner, who, while driving a train from Holborn to Brixton, saw his clothes blazing with fire.

Yet, before leaving the footplate, he calmly did all that was needed to save the train and passengers. He stopped his engine and then, thirty-six hours later, died in hospital.

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Fred Davies, another engine-driver, living at Berwick, saved an express train on the way from London to Liverpool. Badly scalded though he was by boiling steam, he stuck to his post until the engine had been brought safely to rest.

A. H. Sutton, another engine-driver, saw, in Vickers' engineering works at Sheffield, a huge locomotive steaming round a circular track without a driver. He tried, at great risk to his life, to mount the runaway, but failed. So, driving another engine in front of it and gradually reducing its speed, he made it act as a moving brake, until the runaway was stopped.

These are only three cases of many.

Yet—would you believe it?—there are no fewer than 120,000 railway workers in this country, men with wives and families depending on them, who get less than 50s. a week!

Yes, and there are no fewer than 73,000 railwaymen who get less than 45s. a week! They get no holiday, and in many cases they receive no pension after lifelong service!

Sir John Orr, quoting Seebohm Rowntree, told the world, on the air the other week, that the least amount a working-class family could live on, with any degree of comfort, was £3 15s. a week. "A family of five should spend £1 a week on milk alone," he said. . . .

We applaud heroes, we cheer them, and we give them medals.

But no one pays any attention to the fact that regularly, week after week, year after year, they remain underpaid, and that, when their work is done, "Public Assistance" is all they get.

Strange though it may seem, even in this Year of Grace 1937 there are cases of locomotive engineers and firemen who are on duty for twenty hours at a time! And the public's safety depends on their efficiency and coolness!

Superannuation schemes do not affect some grades of railway workers at all. Footplate men and platelayers, for instance, are an aggrieved class.

For years the two big railway unions —the National Union of Railwaymen and the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen—have been trying to get redress.

The Government keeps on telling us "The country is prosperous," and boasts of it.

Yet the railwaymen's unions have to keep on demanding a 50s. minimum wage, a twelve-day holiday, better conditions, and the abolition of cuts imposed in 1931!

In that year of panic, workers' wages were ruthlessly cut down to save the bankers and the money interests of the land. Why, because of funk seven years ago, should railway men still suffer?

I can perhaps best explain the plight of thousands by telling of one case—that of an engine-driver who is about to retire after lifelong service. Out of his small earnings he has been supporting two sons living in a distressed area.

Now, at the end of his long life of work, he is to get no pension. So, definitely, he will have to go to "Public Assistance"; after supporting sons who, otherwise, would have been on "Public Assistance," he will have to go on it himself!

The conditions in which railway workers are employed are fifty years behind the times. Since 1917—yes, as long ago as that—the unions have been fighting to get the footplate workers and platelayers put on some proper pension basis.

Their work is hard. Often, indeed, it is very dangerous. But after forty years of service, in some cases even after fifty years, discharged men have to face the fact that there is nothing for them to live on except charity.

Now let me give the case of another man. I give his name, Frederick Clifford, and his address, 33, Plaistow Grove, Bromley, Kent, in case you do not believe that it is true.

Clifford is sixty-three. He has been employed for forty-three years by the Southern Railway. He started working as a help to his father, who was a farm labourer, at the age of eight.

"I can remember that my father got only 10s. a week," he said!

Well, at the age of twenty Clifford joined the railway and in course of time became a ganger, working in those days (though the hours have been lessened since) fifty-six and a half hours a week. His work was repairing railway tracks. Often he had narrow escapes from serious accidents, as men of his calling do, especially now that many lines are electrified.

This is a common occurrence for gangers. Traffic is busy. You have to jump about. There is work in dark tunnels. . . .

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"We don't take enough care of ourselves, I suppose," said Clifford.

Now everyone says that Clifford has been a fine workman. His face is familiar to hundreds of people who regularly use the Bromley North line, though they see it no more now.

You see, after forty-three years' work, with wages that were never more than £3 a week, including 2s. a week "danger money"—and out of this £3 unemployment insurance had to be deducted—Clifford is done for. He is "retired to misery" at sixty-three, after giving his life to the Southern Railway.

At the beginning of last year his left leg began to trouble him. He found it hard to walk easily. Then, last August, he left his job and felt very ill by the time he had got home.

His wife sent for the doctor, who put him to bed. There Clifford stayed a month. The doctor said he had "a tired heart."

But pain increased in his leg, and he was later taken to Guy's Hospital. Examined there, he was sent home, and called back again two days later. Special treatment was given him, and he went home again.

The pain increased as time passed. His foot became swollen and discoloured, and he was taken to Farnborough Hospital, where it was decided to amputate the leg at the thigh.

"I was too ill to know what it was all about," he said. "They didn't tell me what was the cause, or why the operation had to be done. . . . I heard, later, that gangrene was the cause.

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"Perhaps it was a knock I didn't take much notice of at the time. Perhaps it was working in all weathers and getting wet or damp. I cannot say. . . ."

Well, Clifford is at home in his humble little cottage to-day, with crutches he can use only with difficulty because of the reduced state of his health, and with a push-chair which provides the only chance of his getting out of doors. He is almost penniless.

The Workmen's Compensation Act cannot help him, as the direct cause of his inability to follow his work cannot be ascertained. It cannot be tied down to anything specific.

And there is no pension scheme for men like him employed by railway companies.

"Last December, in hospital, they sent me a form to fill up, asking such questions as how much I'd saved up, and so on," he explained. "*Since then I've heard nothing.* I've only been visited once, long ago, by a railway company official. And I've not had as much as a halfpenny from them.

"It's laughable, being asked how much you've saved on £3 a week, when I remember that in 1914 we only got a pound a week or so for over fifty-six hours' work!"

A fund, headed by the Mayor of Bromley, has been started to try to help Clifford over temporary difficulties. But this fine gesture won't help him for long.

It is scandalous that cases like this can be found in the Year of Grace 1937.

"There is no fund, on the Southern Railway, out of which a grant, or pension, can be made me," Clifford said. "But forty-three years is a long time—isn't it?—when you find at the end that you're unable to work and crocked up like this."

Two other cases, in the same locality, not so bad, it is true, concern a Chislehurst platelayer, who, after a special appeal, was paid a small sum of less than 3s. a week, and a Bromley man, who, after forty-six years' service, got 4s. 6d. weekly, until it was stopped when he qualified for the old-age pension.

"Can you expect young men of to-day to take any interest in their work, when old employees are treated like this?" asked Clifford.

Can we? I wonder. . . .

THE HUMAN MACHINE

FAUST sold his soul to the Devil in order to regain his youth. Many people spend half their energy in trying to do pretty much the same thing. True, they don't try to sell their souls to the Devil—though no doubt some of them would if they could—but they put their energies and their intellects in pawn to their emotions in their endeavours to be twenty when really they are forty.

You can grow old and *remain* young; but you can't grow old and then *become* young. And this isn't nearly as puzzling as it sounds.

The great hall-mark of youth is a progressive and forward outlook on life. What has this to do with the number of years you have lived? You can have a forward outlook at sixty just as readily as you can at twenty. It's up to you. No one and nothing can stop you—and if you care to keep on cultivating such an outlook you'll help your youth and give nothing away to the Devil.

Youth, too, keeps on acquiring new interests. Youth keeps on doing things, and keeps up the keen enjoyment in the doing of them. What has that got to do with the number of years you have lived?

Can't you do all that at sixty just as easily as you did at twenty? If you can, then you're keeping your youth. If you can't—why then you're growing old, and serve you jolly well right. It's your own fault.

People have said that a man is as old as his arteries. Maybe; but he's also as young as his interests: and there's not much doubt which is the better way of looking at life.

A holiday on the broads *and what came of it . . .*

BOB AND HARRY ARE COMING, WHOM CAN WE GET FOR BILL?
KATHLEEN I SUPPOSE-THOUGH BILL ISN'T KEEN-IT'S HER COMPLEXION, YOU KNOW!
ON THE BROADS
I SAY-THIS IS LOVELY SOAP PEGGY, WHAT IS IT?...
KNIGHT'S CASTILE! YOU KNOW—THE STUFF FOR 'TIRED SKIN'!
BILL AND KATHLEEN ARE GETTING QUITE THICK, AREN'T THEY?
IT'S KNIGHT'S CASTILE THAT'S DONE IT
FUNNY, KATH - I'VE KNOWN YOU 2 YEARS AND NEVER REALISED HOW SWEET YOU WERE I WONDER WHY.
THAT'S MY SECRET.

Stale indoor air causes "tired skin" and makes the complexion so unattractive. And you can't find happiness if your own skin goes against you, can you? Make sure of beauty and happiness by using Knight's Castile regularly. It is specially made for the face, and prevents "tired skin." The gentle lather of Knight's Castile will bring back the freshness of spring roses to your cheeks. And for only 4d a tablet.

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

NC 198-364 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

Why *You* would be better for a course of PHOSFERINE

DO you have moments of unusual irritability—occasional spells of sleeplessness—experiences of unaccountable fatigue—or frequent periods of depression?

Insignificant as any, or even all, of these may seem to be at the time, they are each a symptom of nervous debility. You are living under strain—taking more out of yourself than your system is able to replace—drawing on your physical reserve. You are getting less and less able to enjoy life. You are not the person you ought to be, and could, be.

PHOSFERINE is the tonic you require. For such conditions as are so prevalent today—those overwrought nerves which are usually the prelude to troublesome disorders—PHOSFERINE is the safest and best specific. Its function is to reanimate the nerves—to provide them with the energising impulses which, in their strain-weakened state, they are no longer deriving from your ordinary diet.

A COURSE OF PHOSFERINE IS A COURSE OF SELF-HELP FOR NERVES. The best of all times to take PHOSFERINE is at the first sign of nervous trouble, however trivial. It is then you will make the speediest response—feel instantly renewed energy with every faculty benefited.

THERE IS NO SECRET ABOUT PHOSFERINE. *The full formula is printed on the label of every bottle, and every ingredient is a recognised specific of real health-making value. It is the correct combination of these which makes*

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

All Chemists sell Phosferine—most of them recommend it

TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

C.J.H.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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HAPPY BABY HAPPY MOTHER

Children's Powders

Best and safest for children cutting their teeth. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to

70 YEARS REPUTATION
SOLD IN BOXES - 1/3 & 3/-
Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.
INSIST ON FENNINGS'

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

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I WANTED an Officers' Ben soon provided When I Society's off Square there were commissioned war comfortable anter well-groomed shabby.

I took my choice.

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That would stage too long worth hearing

The Rev. E. Eccleston Sheffield to Highgate and a broad, rolling and chubby, cheery f reminded of the fact.

Then there's his m get right down to the invalid and myself g the preacher.

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"But I've got olde more experienced. A not so sure that hav a sieve is such a bad

"With a sieve, yo out a bit. Sometime in it, and what's w sometimes you save wi

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"Oh, he did, did h warmly. "Well, if I of my church, he'd hour."

A pause. Then, again: "And tell me had to offer you. So

WHAT CAN THE CHURCH DO FOR ME?

War Crock's PEACE PLEA

Mere churchgoing won't bring peace. "The Church is not an automatic machine into which you put your tuppence and draw a halo," says the Rev. E. Eccleston Potts (left)

I WANTED an invalid. The Officers' Benevolent Society soon provided me with one.

When I called at the Society's offices at Eaton Square there were a dozen ex-commissioned war "crocks" in the comfortable anteroom — genteel, well-groomed, heartachingly shabby.

I took my choice.

Thin-faced—that was his hallmark of suffering. Neatly darned about the cuffs and elbows—that told of a loving wife somewhere.

Drawn eyes spoke of—no, not age.

Fifty is not old. Those eyes told of operation after operation—one every fifteen months since a German gunner "got him" in 1915—and his difficulties in finding a living since he lost his last permanent job in 1929.

His total years of unemployment I can't tell you, for the simple reason that he wouldn't tell me. "One doesn't squeal, old boy," he said when I asked him. "It isn't done."

I am not even going to tell of the events that led up to my taking him to Holly Park Methodist Church, Crouch Hill, N., in response to the Archbishop of Canterbury's broadcast "recall to religion."

That would keep Potts off the stage too long, and Potts is well worth hearing.

The Rev. E. Eccleston Potts came from Sheffield to Highgate a few years ago, and a broad, rolling Yorkshire accent and chubby, cheery face keep you well reminded of the fact.

Then there's his manner. Well, let's get right down to the sermon, with my invalid and myself gazing up raptly at the preacher.

"When I was a lad," he told his congregation, "my schoolmaster used to say to me, 'Potts, you've got a memory like a sieve.' Ah, and he used to say it so many times that it got on my nerves, and it used to worry me a bit.

"But I've got older, you know, and more experienced. And nowadays I'm not so sure that having a memory like a sieve is such a bad thing after all.

"With a sieve, you can sort things out a bit. Sometimes you save what's in it, and what's worth keeping, and sometimes you save what's gone through.

"Memory's a bit like that, you know."

In that homely fashion the Rev. Eccleston Potts drove home one of the truest lessons on experience it has ever been my lot to hear.

But that was not what my invalid friend and I had gone to hear. We wanted to meet Potts, hear what he had to offer a man with a problem—what his church had to offer; what *the* Church had to offer.

And immediately after the service our interview began. . . .

"What has the Church to offer me?" Every week my subject has put that question. Mr. Potts didn't hesitate for a second about the answer.

"What has anybody had to offer you? What have the people who could offer you a job tried to give you?" he asked.

My invalid friend fired back: "*Well, it was a lay preacher who told me, when I asked him for a job and told him of my war record, 'What the hell's the war got to do with it?'*"

"Oh, he did, did he?" said Mr. Potts, warmly. "Well, if he were a member of my church, he'd have a rough half-hour."

A pause. Then, from the minister again: "And tell me what Society has had to offer you. Society is supposed to help, you know. What have they done?

"So you can't remember? Well, I'll tell you. Little or nothing. They believe in practising humanity in the bulk, love in the mass. And you don't get much love or humanity out of it.

"You get so-called philanthropists of the type that sit on committees providing help for poor human beings with other people's money. You get charities designed to help particular branches of humanity putting millions in their money-bags and leaving the impression that they are not too ready to part with their cash.

"You get war 'crocks' refused help, or given very limited help, because their diagnosis doesn't comply mathematically with one laid down by a Board of Official Automatons. That's Society's offer: What's the Church's offer?

"Not cash. All that is available has gone to organised charity. Nor is the Church an automatic machine into which you put your tuppence and draw a halo, or whatever you want most."

My friend admitted that he couldn't expect such things from the Church. "But surely I can expect welcome, understanding, and a host of things that might make life more livable."

The minister pointed his finger in emphasis. "You can expect 'em, and we'll see you get 'em

"The Church is made up of people anxious to share their joyous experience with others. 'Let me commend my Saviour to you' is the way we Methodists like to put it.

"Our idea of fellowship isn't just being decent folk. It's a friendship with a Cross in it. *Sticking by* somebody, at a sacrifice. Allowing considerations of humanity to come first, second and all the time.

"And letting officialdom and cheap respectability go hang, like Jesus did.

"And I can offer you a job. No, it isn't always one it can pay for.

"Don't get nervy. I'm not going to tell you to teach in Sunday School. There are all sorts of jobs for your fellows waiting to be done, and your own personality and training will give you the clue as to what work you are fitted to do for your fellows. For instance, tell me what work would come nearest and dearest to your heart?"

The invalid replied at once: "*Peace. Working for peace. Striving to see that Youth shall never be murdered again.*"

"Ah!" said Mr. Potts. "Now I'll tell you. During the Peace Ballot, the Church in my city supplied nine out of ten of the canvassers. Haven't you noticed how often, when a real bit of social service wants doing, it's the Church to which men turn their eyes?

"And we don't attach any importance to the order of going in to bat. It's the score that counts—what you do for the team. You soon find yourself doing something for the happiness of yourself."

Said the invalid: "I admit that if the Church can fight selfishness it has something to offer people like me."

"It *does* fight selfishness," replied the minister, "in the best way it can. It teaches that selfishness is the very Devil and seeks to establish Love and Justice."

My friend wanted practical instances. Mr. Potts smiled.

"I know you think that it is what we offer that sounds vague—but it is really what people often expect from the Church that is vague. Let's get down to brass tacks.

"Call on a parson, tell him what you want to do for yourself, and then offer to help him in the doing. If you draw a blank, try the next one.

"But it's no good a sad victim of the economic system coming to my house with threadbare trousers and getting me to say that the economic system is all wrong and I am going to put it right. By the time I can have made any difference he'll have no use for trousers."

Interrupted the invalid: "Now there is a man with a problem. He is a victim of a system. Surely the Church can do something about changing that system? It shouldn't sit idle, anyhow."

"It doesn't sit idle," replied the minister. "Don't you see that a sufficiency of good men could change that system all right, and that the Church is a channel through which men can obtain the grace and the guts to be good?

"Jesus can help us to make those changes—not without heartache, but without bloodshed. *But He is calling for volunteers. He doesn't want conscripts.*

"Criticism and absenteeism are too often just a funk-hole. We in the Church don't pretend to be perfect, but we are trying our hands at the most difficult job in the world, and the power of a living Christ is alone responsible for any progress that we make."

The end of the interview came with the question: "But surely a 'crock' like myself can do little work, and therefore can't be very important?"

And the answer: "I said Jesus wants volunteers. And He has a special welcome for 'crocks' of all sorts."

It was a very long interview. It would be impossible to print it all. I hope the necessary pruning has not hidden the anxiety of Mr. Potts to give my friend every bit of individual help he can.

★ *Politics and You* ★

GETTING BURIED

IF it costs money to live, it also costs money to die. All over the country to-day there are thousands who cannot forget this. Haunted by the fear of a pauper's funeral, they are prepared to go to great lengths to safeguard themselves against being buried by the parish.

They stint themselves and go without things they really need in order to find the money to meet their premiums on death-benefit policies. The volume of this class of business is now enormous.

In practically every street in the congested parts of our towns and cities the man who comes round for the burial-money is as familiar a figure as the rent-collector. There are about 70,000 of them collecting week by week, in coppers and small silver, something like £70,000,000 a year.

The companies catering for this type of assurance derive a yearly income from it of £85,000,000 and enjoy accumulated funds amounting to £400,000,000. The aggregate sum assured reaches the stupendous total of £1,400,000,000.

The policies issued, often for quite tiny amounts, actually exceed the number of men, women and children in this country.

It is likely that an agitation will be started shortly to turn this class of assurance over to the Government to run, linking it up with the State health services.

Mr. Lloyd George played with the idea of doing this thirty years ago when he gave duchesses stamps to lick. Then, however, vested interests were too strong for him.

Vested interests are still strong, but they will be hard put to it to answer the case for Government control just advanced by Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P., and Professor Levy.

These two investigators show conclusively that the present system is riddled with evils and abuses that should not be allowed to continue.

The method of collection is wasteful and involves administrative costs much higher than they should be. And because collectors are human and anxious to make as much commission as they can, they often bring undue pressure to bear on individuals, especially womenfolk, to assure for more than they can afford.

As a result the percentage of lapsed policies is high owing to unpaid premiums, with the consequent loss of many thousands of pounds yearly to the poorest.

JOHN BULL hopes Parliament will not permit this scandal to go on. Drastic and early action is called for.

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Mechanised Britain—1

For some years now a certain word has been creeping steadily into daily usage; but few of us have grasped its true significance.

That word is Mechanisation.

JOHN BULL has just concluded a special investigation into this subject to find how far mechanisation is changing our national life.

Our opening article by a "J.B." investigator shows how it is bringing about a revolution on the land.

SOME three hundred experts from all parts of the world are touring the haymaking fields of Britain this month in order to study our farming methods, for the hay crop this year is one of the heaviest reaped in living memory, and although few people may be aware of it, Britain is in the van of progress.

On the farm, the tang of petrol is mingling with the scent of meadowsweet, for the greatest transformation of modern times is an accomplished fact. This year will see the farmer and his labourer adding to a thousand years of tradition, harnessing electrical and mechanical power to tasks unchanged since the dawn of history.

Over the Fells of Cumberland, the Fens of Norfolk, in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, the meadows of Kent, and in the valleys of Wales, as over the rolling downlands of Berkshire, harvesting is under way to the chattering of the tractor and the song of the mowing machine.

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I write of the social upheaval that has come over the "land population" as a son of the soil, my roots fast in the earth, my thoughts never far distant from the village in which I was born and bred.

I have seen the changes coming about, and through the thirty years since I first knew my native farm, I have watched the process that is changing the entire prospects of the countryside.

Haymaking is an apt example, for it is not many years since the whole village turned out to take advantage of a fine day. Men went mowing with scythes, women armed with handrakes turned the swaths, the first early mechanical devices were scorned, they broke down, they were noisy, they were simply "new-fangled inventions." Machinery was looked upon with vague distrust.

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The first ten years of this century found the average farmer undisturbed, still practising the old-fashioned, toilsome methods. It took a week to harvest a meadow of thirty acres. Men drank a gallon of beer a day, while they laboriously "pitched" and "loaded" the hay from the field into the rick at the farm.

In spite of all their labours, many a crop of good hay was lost or ruined by an untimely storm of rain; and even if left until the weather improved, was spoiled since it became too coarse for the cattle.

But the mowing machine came and was improved upon. The first "tossing machine" was soon exchanged for the silent swath-turner in use to-day.

The "sweep" came only ten years ago to do away with "pitching" and the loading of wagons. The elevator was improved upon, and nowadays takes the hay from the ground to the rick.

Nor is the farmer nowadays dependent on the weather, for the "drier" has come in in the past year or two, so that he "makes" his hay even if his fields are flooded. And the modern "drier," by means of which hay is dried in a kind of portable oven, conserves many nutritious elements which in former days were lost.

This bloodless revolution is all the more wonderful because it has come about in the course of no more than a single generation. Changes in practice on arable land and in the production of milk are no less miraculous.

In the villages now, the milking machine is an accepted fact, and it has come to afford men Sunday holidays. The need for every available hand to muster in the sheds night and morning every day throughout the year has disappeared. The machine does the work just as efficiently, and, as a rule, it is operated in a mobile cowshed that can be taken through the pastures.

The milkcart that was driven helter-skelter from the remote farm to the nearest railway station is a thing of the past, for it is gone in favour of the visiting lorry. So labourers are able to enjoy a morning in bed with the newspapers once a week, while a few years ago they were doomed to never-ending slavery without hope of relief.

Holiday-makers will see the outward and visible signs of the march of progress in the mighty tractors, the triple seeding drills, the harrows and rollers and gyro-cultivators that till the 12,000,000 acres under the plough, doing the work hitherto accomplished by means of oxen, horses, or by hand.

In the course of twenty years teams of oxen have practically disappeared from the land, and though horses are holding their own—a million of them are still engaged in agriculture — the multi - furrow plough and the combined harvester-thresher have been introduced with amazing success.

The age of the mechanical implement is here. The tractor plough, the sugar beet hoe, the cabbage-planting machine, the potato-lifter have brought with them a new hope for a million men, women, and girls employed on the land in Great Britain, including Ulster, the Isle of Man, and the Scilly Isles.

And not only in this country, but also in Canada, Australia and throughout the United States.

Mechanisation in relation to agriculture is likewise making amazing strides in Soviet Russia, where far-reaching experiments are being conducted.

Some 270 new agricultural machines are being submitted to tests in special experimental fields this year, and 150 of them are said to be of entirely new design.

The ingenuity revealed by such experiments may be gauged from

such inventions as the new beetroot harvester, which not only pulls the beetroots out of the ground, but also strips off the leaves and removes all particles of earth!

Then there are electro-magnetic machines, which are used for cleaning clover seeds. Their worth has already been proved and manufacturing is now in full swing.

New machines for sowing cotton are being tested and even tea-planters will benefit from one new miracle machine that has been specially designed for trimming tea bushes, and which, it is claimed, will deal with from twelve to fifteen acres of bushes a day.

To trim such an area by hand would call for the services of 200 people, yet the machine can be run by a motor-cycle engine!

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Some of these marvels are now to be seen at the Paris exhibition and bear striking testimony to the way in which every phase of agriculture throughout the world is being rapidly revolutionised.

But think back a moment. It was only just before the Great War that I saw in my native English village the labourer lifting and carrying, sowing by "broadcast" method with a sieve about his shoulders, while oxen ploughed a leisurely acre a day!

Five men and two youths went to the cowsheds night and morning to

AMAZING REVOLUTION

WE may lament the passing of beautiful pastoral scenes; but tedious, back-aching tasks can be dropped with few regrets before the march of the multiple-harvester which, if it resembles a Heath Robinson fantasy, certainly gets things done . . .

milk a herd of sixty head of cows, and if a hand was absent for any reason at all it was considered a calamity.

The milking machine was scarcely thought of; nor had 30,000 motor tractors, with changeable wheels, balloon tyres and self-laying tracks, come to speed-up the methods we toilsomely practised.

In the light of the remarkable progress this century has witnessed, it seems scarcely credible that I saw ploughmen with oxen, urging them with a "goad" they used to span the ridges; that twenty-five years ago I saw men, women and children at work in the harvest fields from dawn till dusk reaping with hook and sickle!

The leading reaper would pause every now and then to "whet" the blades, each reaper "bonding" as he or she went along with a few strands knotting the sheaves, an acre a day for a team of three meriting a well-earned supper—if they were not too weary to eat it!

Men shook their heads very solemnly when they heard of the self-binding reaper and the steam threshing machine, as they went from the fields to the big tithe barn, there to flail the wheat from the chaff with rods of ash.

A good many thought the world was coming to an end when it was found the first cranky machines did the work faster and just as well.

Many a labourer stood aghast when the flail went out before the power-driven thresher that droned through 50 tons of wheat in a single shift.

Yet it was only in the beginning of this century that the threshing machine came into general use, and that after a battle lasting over a hundred years. It came in, but it is already out of date, and it stands rusting in the yard, the portable steam-engine thrusting a forlorn chimney to the sky, eclipsed by that modern marvel, the "combined harvester-thresher."

I have seen the combined harvester-thresher at work in Berkshire, Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, and in East Lothian, and soon it will throb as it deals with a million acres of barley, two million acres of wheat, and three million acres of oats, rye and beans, ousting the self-binding reaper from its path as it travels.

It's twenty-seven years ago—no more—since the first self-binder came to our typical agricultural village, but it is already out of date. I remember very well how proud I was to sit astride the leading horse of three that took it round and about the Forty Acre Field.

The self-binder came to save men bending their backs over the sickle. It bound the sheaves as fast as it cut the corn, and delivered them in serried rows as it went. In fifteen years no fewer than sixty thousand of them found their way on to British farms.

It is still a wonderful machine, but it has been ousted by an even more wonderful implement, though the manner in which the binder reaps, ties knots, binds and delivers is still a mystery to most folk.

The binder came, the horses were hitched into it, only to be hitched out in favour of the faster tractor. Then the tractor was hitched from the binder into the still faster and more economical combined harvester.

Yet the labourer who whetted his scythe on the harvest field is no more than forty years of age!

With the advent of the combined harvester, small fields have merged into big fields. Farmers are doing away with hedges and ditches and all unnecessary boundaries.

The chemical weed-killer and the chemical fertiliser have come to cleanse the land and enrich the soil. The dung-cart stands with the bonds rusting over its wheels.

It is not so long since men and women gathered in the fields, following the plough and harrow, burning the couch and the garlic, destroying it while a dozen teams ploughed, harrowed, cultivated and ploughed again.

The friend of yesterday, but now discarded

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But the tractor plough now used hauls the implements necessary for two or three operations in its wake. The multi-seeding drill sows the seeds and distributes fertilisers, as well as harrowing and dragging all at once.

Wagons and carts have gone in favour of sprung tandems with rubber tyres and light lorries, and with the advances made in every direction, the costs of farming have gone down while wages have gone up.

None will pretend that the farm labourer is well paid, but there is hope.

There is the saving grace that his wages have been increased from 14s. to 32s. 6d. a week in less than twenty-five years.

The professor, the research worker and the mathematician have joined with the inventor to help the farming population from the morass in which, with horses and oxen, farmer and labourer alike floundered through the centuries.

Compositions of nitro-chalk, sulphate and ammonia are producing bigger crops than ever. The average yield has increased over a matter of fifteen years from 15 cwt. to 17 cwt. an acre.

Early research workers laid down that land should be at rest at least one year in every three; but now, with the aid of chemical manures, a good many farmers have extended the period from one in six or in seven.

That is equivalent to an additional 2,500,000 acres under crops each year, adding to the harvest valued at £300,000,000 a year from agriculture. Nor would any talk of arable farming be complete without mention of the 400,000 acres under sugar-beet, yielding 500,000 cwt. of pure sugar and at least an equal amount of molasses for the cattle.

Molasses are necessary both to the dairy farmer and to the breeder of fat cattle for market, and so are cabbages, but the modern farmer uses a mechanical implement for planting cabbages. The labourer who prodded holes into the soil one at a time has mounted a machine that, with its team of four men, plants as many as 30,000 in a single day.

Some of these machines are only in their infancy, so what the future holds for the farmer and his labourer we may only guess.

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Then, as far as that time-honoured custom of planting and rowing, hoeing and digging potatoes is concerned, the row-crop machine saves time and money on the one hand, while the lifting machine drawn by tractor has reduced the cost of harvesting by 50 per cent.

Nor will any who have seen whole families of men, women and children working on rain-sodden soil with baskets and forks in the late summer and autumn of the year regret the advent of the mechanical potato-harvesting robot.

The revolution on the land is complete from the sowing of the first crop of spring oats, through all the stages of wheat, beet, market and dairy farming to the power pumps for raising water, and to the engine that drives the grist mill in the barn.

In the villages of Great Britain things are looking up. There's no need to be despondent about farming, for it has lived through times of drought and famine far worse than any seen in the past forty years.

In my native village now the ploughmen finish work early on Saturday in order to play football or cricket; and the milkers get their weekly day of rest. The magic of mechanisation!

I wish I could end on this optimistic note, but with mechanisation has arisen a scandal that demands immediate attention.

With the increased use of machinery on farms, it is more than ever desirable that the workers should be properly safeguarded against the new risks which they must inevitably encounter.

Through lamentable short-sightedness, the Factories Bill has not been extended to apply to agriculture. Amendments that would have brought farm workers under its provisions have been ruled out of order, as the Bill has been drafted in such a way as to prevent any such extension.

This must be remedied without delay.

AFTER four years of exciting duels with "shoot-first-and-ask-afterwards" revenue officers, Captain Wylie here begins his breathless narrative of the adventures that earned him the title . . .

KING OF SMUGGLERS!

The canisters of rum were sacked, then passed rapidly, hand-to-hand, from the schooner into the smugglers' motor boats

IT all began with an "agony" advertisement I read at my home at Woodford Green one February morning in 1933:

WANTED.—Captain for an Auxiliary Motor Schooner trading in the North Sea and Baltic. Age forty to forty-five. Knowledge of German or Swedish preferable, but not essential. Apply Box ——.

"This is just my coastline," I said to myself, not forgetting that I didn't speak German or Swedish. "But I expect every shellback between here and John o' Groats will be writing for that job."

Although the chances of my getting a reply seemed remote, I wrote, giving a short history of my life at sea.

To my astonishment, almost by return of post I received an invitation on the notepaper of a famous West End hotel to call for an interview.

I needed no second bidding, and prompt to time presented myself in the lobby of the fashionable hotel in question, where, a few minutes later, I was shaking hands with a quiet-voiced Esthonian, who began to ask me a few searching questions regarding my past voyages.

His interest deepened when I told him that I had commanded both sail and steam and that, during thirty years at sea, I had been engaged in many queer voyages—sailing the seven seas, on many occasions, under the closest of "sealed orders."

Experience had taught me not to be too searching in my own enquiries when seeking a command, and I limited my questions on this occasion to the simple one of salary.

The offer made me was fair enough, especially as I was to have a share of profits on cargoes and bonuses on special occasions.

To cut a long story, the Esthonian shipowner appeared satisfied with my qualifications.

Shortly after mid-day I walked out of the hotel appointed to the command of a British motor schooner.

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She was, I learned, a vessel of 258 tons burden, and was then lying in the port of Ventspils, in Latvia, awaiting the breaking-up of the ice before being put into commission.

I puzzled over the fact that my new owners were very anxious for me to get to my command—so anxious, in fact, that I was told to leave that very afternoon for Latvia. I thought the hurry a little strange.

But the joy at having a new ship quickly killed any qualms or suspicions which entered my head, and by 3 p.m. my passport was visaed and my kit packed.

That same evening, accompanied by the Esthonian and his secretary—a very pretty German girl—I boarded the boat-train at Liverpool Street Station, *en route* for Ventspils, via the Hook of Holland, Berlin and Riga.

The great adventure had begun!

Little did I think as the train steamed through London's suburbs that it would be 1937 before I saw London again, and that during this period I should earn for myself the distinction of becoming one of the most sought-after smugglers in the world, a man whose name has already become something of a legend along the misty Baltic coastline.

* * *

Two days later I stood on the dock at Ventspils and ran my eye over my new command.

She looked a sturdy enough vessel as she lay against the wharf snugly fast in the ice, a trim, smart, little craft of her type, built of oak and looking in very good condition considering the time she had been laid up.

And there was the good old red ensign, or "Blood and Glory," as we term it, flying at her peak.

I went aboard and found only a watchman and the chief engineer, neither of whom could speak a word of English, but I managed to find out that the rest of the crew was arriving at Ventspils in a few days, and that I was to be the only Britisher aboard.

On going below to inspect my own quarters, I found a letter awaiting me instructing me to take up my residence at the "Hotel Riga" at the owner's expense, and to await further orders. My log tells me that was March 6, 1933.

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For the next three weeks I lived a life of luxury and ease at the hotel, waiting for the ice to break and make it possible to put the boat into commission.

Meanwhile, I made one or two very interesting discoveries about my new command.

Her specially constructed holds, and the sight of empty rum canisters quickly raised my suspicions. And when the mate confided to me that I was, in fact, in command of a smuggler I can't say I was at all surprised or, for that matter, perturbed.

Thinking things over carefully, however, and hearing of the nice fat bonuses the skippers of these vessels were getting for carrying supplies of crude alcohol up to the smugglers of the Baltic coasts, what few scruples I had quickly went to the winds.

I threw myself into the racket for better or worse.

I was to have full and complete charge, and it was not my intention to contravene any of the international maritime laws which would endanger my "ticket."

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Came the night of April 1, 1933. Standing on the bridge of the sturdy little vessel, I rang the engine-room telephone and, with the broken ice flowing quickly seawards alongside, we sailed from Ventspils.

We sailed with a crew of twelve hands, all of whom I had seen properly signed on at the British Consulate at Riga. We also carried British Articles and Official Log Book, in accordance with the British Board of Trade regulations.

As I pushed the nose of my little ship into a gale of wind as we sailed out of Ventspils Harbour, I realised, at last, that I had become a fully fledged smuggler, although I certainly did not realise what lay in store for me.

We were bound for Gdynia (Poland) and Kiel (Germany), where I had received secret instructions from the owner that I was to take on board our cargo of 96 per cent. pure alcohol. So we were to become a floating "off-licence" for the benefit of the smugglers who would meet us at certain secret positions contained in my sealed orders!

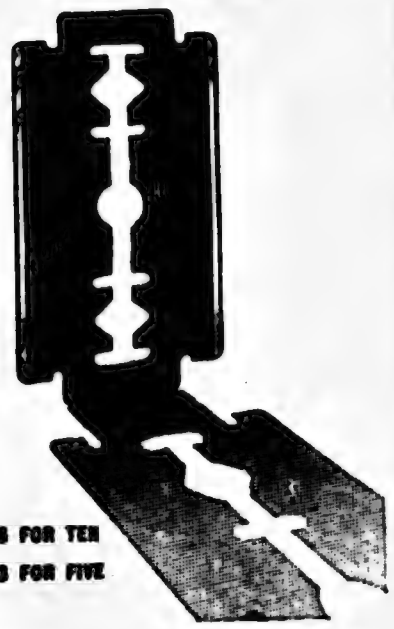
At Gdynia and Kiel we had no difficulty in taking aboard our cargo. We loaded up quite openly.

And on Saturday, April 8, with 210,000 litres of spirit (shipped through to Poland and Germany from Hungary in 10-litre canisters) all neatly stacked in

(*Continued on page 24*)

The best blades ever made!
ELECTRICALLY TEMPERED
SLOTTED
BLUE GILLETTES

- have harder edges
- have stronger edges
- have keener edges
- they last longer
- they shave better



2/6 FOR TEN
1/3 FOR FIVE

GILLETTE SLOTTED BLADES FIT ALL GILLETTE RAZORS

EIFFEL TOWER LEMON BARLEY
does you good

LEMONS *for coolness*
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You can tell by SHIRLEY TEMPLE's smile...

DON'T FAIL TO SEE SHIRLEY Dimples A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION

...there's "PUFFED" BRAND WHEAT for breakfast!

"PUFFED" RICE BRAND is delicious too *try it!*

SHIRLEY TEMPLE always starts the day with that same smile—there's "Puffed" brand Wheat every morning! And all day long she keeps smiling—this delicious crunchy breakfast food keeps her in high spirits! And no wonder . . . it contains all the wholesome goodness of rich, ripe wheat. Each tempting grain of "Puffed" brand Wheat is a grain of whole wheat "exploded" to eight times its normal size to make it more tasty and digestible. The whole family will love it—try some to-morrow.

What's good for SHIRLEY TEMPLE – is good for your children too!

P 125

Cooking won't keep me out of the garden

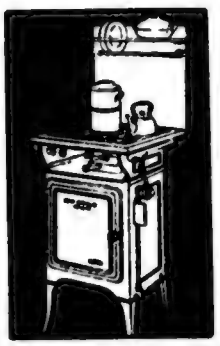
I'm a regular 'REGULO' fan!

I'm proud of my garden and it takes up a lot of my time—too much time if it wasn't for my 'Regulo' controlled cooker! I just set the 'Regulo' Control, pop the meal into the oven—and then I'm off into the garden for a good bout of tidying up.

The meal cooks itself . . . perfectly! . . . and I don't have to keep dashing indoors for fear something has gone wrong. I know I can trust the 'Regulo' to look after the cooking.

Goodness! I'd no more go back to the old way than I'd abandon my lawn mower for a scythe.

The 'Regulo' cooking numbers appear in the triangular opening as the knob is turned. The three sides of the triangle are a reminder of the features that have made the New World the most perfect cooking oven obtainable, i.e., single oven burner, direct-bottom-flue-outlet, and the 'Regulo' automatic heat Control. These three together ensure perfect cooking, and are only obtainable in the New World Gas Cooker.



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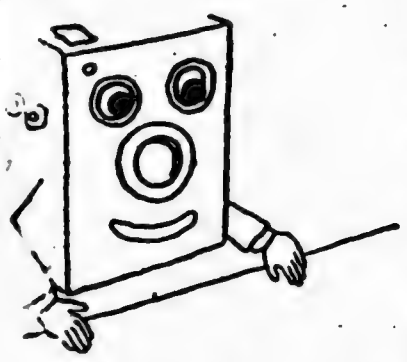
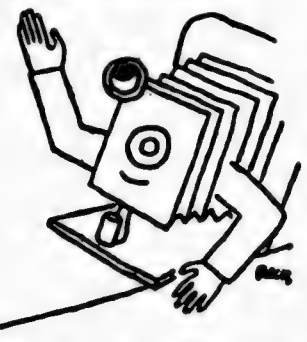


"Even focus different as you and me agree about one thing—we must have Selo films"



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the power behind the lens

BRITISH MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED

Continuing KING OF SMUGGLERS

our holds, I sailed from Kiel on my first voyage to the smugglers of the North.

As we steamed down the Kiel Canal I noticed with astonishment that we were being escorted through German waters by a German patrol cruiser and a revenue aeroplane with all the courtesy accorded to an Ambassador's yacht or that of a visiting Ruler!

During the night the aeroplane left us, but the cruiser kept just under our stern until the night of the 9th, when she also bade us farewell and *bon voyage*.

At 11 p.m. on the 10th, at a position about twenty miles south of the Danish island of Bornholm, I experienced my first taste of smuggling.

The night was pitch black. A slight drizzle wetted our oilskins, but there was little wind.

Showing no lights and with our engines stopped, we drifted through the darkness like a phantom ship.

Suddenly, I heard the distant purr of motors, and the darkness was disturbed by three distant flashes from an electric torch to which signal we answered. All carefully arranged by our owners!

No sooner had we slipped our moorings at Kiel than code telegrams had been sent flashing north to the heads of the smuggling rings, acquainting them of the position the ship was making for, and the approximate time she would reach the rendezvous.

For a quarter of an hour we waited for our ghostly visitors. We could only detect their presence by the gentle purr of their motors.

✥✥✥✥

Eventually two small launches, each with a crew of three men, came alongside and made fast.

Time is precious in the smuggling business, and in the twinkling of an eye our hatches were off and all hands turned to tranship our cargo—the spirit canisters being thrown from man to man and so over the side into the smugglers' boats.

In less than half-an-hour we had unloaded 4,000 litres.

Although we were lying off the coast of Denmark, I learned that the smugglers were Swedish, members of a powerful smuggling syndicate who actually ran an account with my owners—a surprising thing, as "no credit" is the invariable rule in all smuggling deals.

As I signed the transfer-sheet for the spirit, I noticed with interest that our net profit on this one sale was £40 in sterling, which was not bad for one hour's delay in our voyage to Finland, which, incidentally, was our final destination.

Naturally, during the last few years I have become inured to the thrill of smuggling, but then, on that night of April 10, 1933, the fascination was new to me.

How weird it seemed to me—the silence of the night broken only by the sound of the canisters as they were passed from hand to hand; the ghostly figures of the smugglers working in darkness, for we did not show lights; the gentle swell rising and falling in harmony.

The loading being completed, the smugglers cast off and, with a muttered "Cheerio" in Swedish, disappeared into the night, having first been given—as is the unwritten law between rum-runners and smugglers—a couple of bottles of cognac as a farewell gratuity.

Listening to the purring of their motors fading in the distance, I thought to myself, "So *this* is rum-running!" It was a sinecure! Certainly the easiest way of earning money that I had come across in my thirty-three years at sea!

Little did I realise what was ahead of me.

It was not long before I had come in contact with the bootlegging buccaneers of the Finnish fjords, and the "shoot-first-and-ask-afterwards" revenue men of the Finnish and Swedish Governments!

April 13th saw us at the position specified in our sealed orders, a place *somewhere* in the Gulf of Finland.

The spot was far from a comfortable one.

Drift ice floated around us as far as the eye could see and it was bitterly cold, the temperature being about seven degrees below zero.

Just as darkness was falling our look-out reported the appearance of fifteen or twenty dark objects on the ice. They turned out to be motor boats carefully nosing their way towards us. Soon I was to know these smuggling boats at a distance!

They differed only in length. The largest of them was about twenty-five feet long, and I learned later that they all averaged a speed of ten to fifteen knots.

Just as darkness fell, the smugglers were around us like flies, grappling-hooks flying through the air, not caring whether or not they caught some poor seaman a crack on the head.

The boats themselves bumped each other recklessly—the crews alternately cursing and joking with one another and quite a few being knocked overboard into the icy water in their haste.

Each boat had a crew of two, three

NEXT WEEK:

An exciting chase between smugglers and Government planes, then gunfire, after which a revenue officer pleads to the smugglers not to drown him

or four men. These came tumbling over our rail and made a dash for the saloon door. Here sat my super-cargo—an agent of the owners, who had sailed with me to undertake the business side of the rum-running.

This agent made many such voyages with me and we become fast friends. It is no idle boast that he knows more about the hardened smugglers of the Baltic than any man living.

Each smuggler was anxious to get his order in first. My super-cargo, however, sat poker-faced at the receipt of custom.

In a few minutes our saloon was packed with ragged, oil-skinned, ice-coated men, their inside pockets bulging with paper money of many different nationalities, all anxious to get busy with their purchase.

This agent waited, fully prepared for the bargaining and the haggling that he knew only too well was coming.

No credit was the slogan—and no credit was expected or given.

The drinks circulated. Some of the smugglers imbibed plenty, others—but very few—were total abstainers.

✥✥✥✥

Eventually a flat price for everybody was agreed upon, and as each man paid up for the amount he was to take, he was given a note by the super-cargo to hand to the mate, authorising him to deliver up the amount purchased.

While this was going on the smugglers had a man at each masthead, keeping a weather eye open for revenue patrol boats. Soon, work commenced in earnest.

Every mother's son—and daughter, too, for our old female cook had to do her share of passing the canisters—set to at passing up from the hold and over the side into the boats, the chief engineer and mate kept tally as the canisters passed through their hands.

Every canister had to be sacked—about four or five in a sack—the sack then being weighted down with heavy stones. This precaution was taken in case the boats were hotly pursued.

If overtaken by a gunboat the whole cargo was then dumped overboard, and all the revenue authorities would find would be an empty boat!

The following morning the last of the smugglers' boats cast off with much scanning of the horizon for patrol boats and the heavens for revenue aeroplanes.

The smugglers thanked their respective deities—if they have any—that occasional snow was falling, thereby assisting them in the event of a gunboat or an aeroplane turning up.

A roar of laughter suddenly came from some of them and also from our boys.

✥✥✥✥

Looking over the side to see the cause of the merriment I saw one of the Finns dancing and capering—and cursing. He had badly crushed his thumb against the vessel's side. The poor devil was in great pain, but managed to heave a full canister at one of his jeering tormentors, knocking that individual head over heels across the frozen deck.

Honour satisfied, the wounded man climbed aboard, and I dipped his wounded thumb in iodine and bandaged it up for him.

Hatches were now put on and the deck straightened up a bit while the cook prepared a hearty and well-earned breakfast.

Then everyone turned in—only one man being left on deck on watch, to look out for more boats or patrols.

On this first voyage I marvelled how the smugglers managed to get their boats out from the different coves and nooks ashore.

A kind of freemasonry existed among them, and they each assisted the other at the start.

But once clear of the coast it was each one for himself, and the competition was very keen.

Having spent nearly four years in touch with the Finnish and Esthonian smugglers, I have a deep admiration for them. They are the toughest, hardiest, bravest and most optimistic community of men in the world.

This first voyage of mine as a rum-runner turned out highly profitable to the owners. I calculated that over and above the cost of wages, repairs, overhead expenses and other incidentals, we showed a net cash profit of about £900. (The estimated cost of running the boat for a month was from £200 to £250!)

From May to August inclusive, I found the rum-running business in the Baltic very slack. Twenty to twenty-four hours of daylight, aeroplanes, fast gunboats and patrol cruisers do not leave many opportunities for the smugglers to run their stuff in without detection.

So I finish this first article of my reminiscences with the conclusion of my first voyage. As things turned out, it was a small foretaste of some of the adventures to come.

After a good rest I got in touch with our owners by radio-telephone—with which modern convenience my vessel is fitted—and received their instructions as to future movements.

(To be continued)

Pan Yan's a success at every tea! And at every other meal too—Pan Yan makes everything taste better. And it puts you in a good humour, because it stimulates your gastric juices, helps you enjoy your food. Just try Pan Yan, and you'll soon beat the blues of gloomy meals.

PAN YAN, FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

Your bill.

What di

SPECI

Right, your mayonnaise, mada

Won't

SORRY SIR! can't serve y

Not n

NO SIR! That's

that's on the table d'hôte only

YES,

not t

SAYS SHE CAN'T WAIT FOR HER MAYO

Yes

Gosh! What wouldn't

AR

10 for 6d MILD and

Your bill, Sir?

What did you have?

SPECIAL LUNCH? ROLLANBUTTER?

Right, your mayonnaise, madam?

Won't be long now

SORRY SIR! can't serve you

Not my table. Yes sir?

NO SIR! That's off, I'm afraid.

that's on the table d'hôte only

YES, THE BEEF'S NICE! Right not too much fat.

Sorry Miss Jones but she—

SAYS SHE CAN'T WAIT FOR HER MAYONNAISE?

Yes, Miss Jones

Gosh! What wouldn't I give for an ARDATH!

ARDATH
CORK TIPPED
CIGARETTES

10 for 6d MILD and satisfying 20 for 1/-

Ah! Bulmer's Cider

Real Country Cider—matured like wine

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without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned, and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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You can always tell a plus dog

He never scratches, he's never listless, never off his food. Week in week out he's always magnificently fit, in lovely coat and full of spirit. That's why people call him a PLUS dog; and that's the sort of dog *your* dog can be if you purify his blood with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

When you give your dog his Bob Martin's you are following *Nature's* method, for these famous powders contain the natural blood correctives that a dog in his wild state would find for himself in certain herbs and grasses.

By thoroughly purifying his blood, Bob Martin's will keep your dog free from all blood disorders such as scratching, listlessness, loss of appetite, loose coat and eczema, and swellings between the toes. They will do more, they will lift him to a sparkling *new fitness*, give him better *health*, better *coat*, better *spirits*—in fact, make him a PLUS dog.

A PLUS dog in seven days

To free your dog at once from all blood disorders and bring him up to the top of his form, give him a course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders (3 powders a day for seven days). Even in that short time he will develop the glorious PLUS dog fitness that every well-conditioned dog enjoys by right. Get a packet of Bob Martin's *NOW*. You can get them for 6d. and 1/- from all chemists, corn merchants, dog shops, etc.

Bob Martin's

CONDITION POWDERS

for better health, better coat, better spirits

MY 13,000 BABIES!

FROM the first of this month a new Act comes into operation which will revolutionise the maternity services of this country.

Among other things, it makes provision for the retirement of midwives under a variety of circumstances.

And so comes to an end the career of a very remarkable woman—Mrs. Martha Cashmore, of Bedworth, Warwickshire, who has one of the most remarkable records of midwifery service in Great Britain.

Listen to it and then judge for yourself.

In a few days she will celebrate her seventy-eighth birthday. She has been practising as midwife for over fifty years. Yet even at her age she wouldn't think of retiring if she were not forced to.

She was one of the first midwives to be certified. She has brought into the world nearly 13,000 babies—the population of a good-sized town.

Besides this, she has had ten children of her own. And she has fifty-three grandchildren and twenty-seven great-grandchildren.

Thin now, and a little bent, she still goes about as briskly as a woman of forty or fifty. Her wavy hair is brushed till it shines, and she is spotless as you would expect a conscientious nurse to be. So is her little two-roomed home. She does all the work herself.

BUT the key to her long and successful career lies in her personality.

There is a mother's comforting gentleness in her manner when she greets you, and the kindness shining in her face would win any woman's trust and confidence.

No wonder the young mothers who come knocking at her door, asking if she will look after them when their time comes, now go away disconsolate.

"Granny Cash," as she is known everywhere, has been outstanding in the life of the village for so long that the women cannot get used to the idea of her giving up the work by which she has won such a fine reputation.

Work has filled the whole of Granny Cash's life. Never been to the pictures, or a theatre, or a dance. When she wasn't nursing mothers and babies, looking after her own children and home filled all her spare time.

She loved her husband and her children and her home. But she also loved her work and had a heart big enough to gather into it those other babies whom she helped to draw their first breath. These things made up her world.

Her husband died over thirty years ago, leaving her with six of the children to bring up. That did not leave any time for "gallivanting."

The children were all married years ago. But even when she was left to live alone she still had her work.

Now that, too, has been taken from her.

"I don't know what I shall do without it, my dear," she said as we sat and talked. And tears glistened in her eyes.

When the only thing you have ever done for seventy years is to work hard, idle hours don't seem right.

At eight years old she was earning eightenpence a week at "the out-door beer licence." From early morning until late at night she carried beer from the basement for the customers.

But she was ambitious, and tried two or three other jobs before, when she was eighteen, she married a pit-worker. Even then she made up her mind to help her husband by earning a bit. So she took in washing, and went out cleaning.

Her first baby was born when she was nineteen. It was after the coming of her third baby, and while she was working at the local doctor's, that she first took an interest in midwifery. Called upon to help in cases of emergency, the doctor saw in her a natural aptitude, and sympathised with her eagerness to learn. He encouraged her and trained her.

She was twenty-six when she delivered her first baby without the attendance of a doctor.

To-day, in a place of honour in her home, hangs the portrait of this boy taken when he was twenty-one. He is now over fifty, and though he has moved away from the village, he has never lost touch with her.

Since then half a century has been filled with incessant work—case after case. Sometimes she has had as many as five births in one day. Sometimes she has stayed for eighteen hours in the room with a mother whom she would not leave.

But although she was conscientious over her work she never allowed her family to suffer. Seven of her own babies were born after she became a midwife. A month after her own confinement she would be back at work. Her mother was free to look after the house and children. So she knew they were in good hands.

She would bath her own baby before she set out on her "round" in the morning. She always fed them herself. So if she could not get back home in time to give the baby its next feed she had an arrangement with a neighbour's little girl to bring the baby to her. After it had had its meal the girl took it back to the grandmother.

OFTEN she has attended fifteen mothers and babies in a day. She has often gone for thirty-six hours without taking off her clothes. On the day her husband died, after a long illness, she had five new babies arrive. At that time she was so busy that she did not get to bed for a fortnight.

Many of the homes she had to work in were very poor. Frequently there was nothing to help her—not even a drop of hot water.

There were all kinds of handicaps to giving mothers and children that fair start which is essential to the building-up of healthy and happy families.

And this is one of them—with Mrs. Cashmore —who is to-day twenty-one years old!

Indeed, probably "Granny Cash" will have no more fitting time for her retirement than this—National Baby Week.

The National Baby Week Council deserves every support in the wonderful work it is doing to secure the proper housing conditions which the welfare of mothers and children demands.

Granny Cash has two things to boast about.

"I never had a septic case, and I never had a mother die in labour," she told me.

Not bad for 13,000. No wonder she is proud of her record.

She has "brought" so many babies in Bedworth that she cannot remember them all. It is an old-established custom that when one of *her* "babies" has a birthday and comes to knock at her door she gives them a penny. At one time she used to carry a bag of sweets, and when she walked down the street there were always half a dozen children clustered round her.

SOMETIMES when a "foreigner" tried to insinuate himself into the family there would be a chorus of protest. "But, Granny, he's not *your* baby." Even so, Granny hadn't the heart to refuse the little one a sweet.

Hard-working, but happy days they have been for her. But the old order changeth.

We all hope that the new Act is going to give us more up-to-date and efficient maternity services, and "Granny Cash" welcomes a reform that will mean better care and attention for mothers.

Naturally, there is a tinge of sorrow in her heart, but no resentment that she will not be allowed to do the work she loves any more.

And she is still puzzled as to what she will do to fill her empty days!

"The Greatest of These . . "

WHILE serving at Suvla Bay during the war, Jim received tidings that his home had been sold up. He returned to England on sick leave, suffering from pleurisy, malaria and double pneumonia, and learned that his wife was living with another man. For the sake of his children he forgave her.

In July, 1916, he was finally discharged from the Army with a pension for neuritis. His wife was again unfaithful to him, and his second home was broken up. Again he forgave her. His neuritis returned, and he was in thirteen different hospitals for treatment.

"I had a terrible accident in 1924," he says. "A huge mass of stone came down on my head."

He received £250 compensation, which had to go in settling his wife's debts.

In 1928, his furniture was again seized, and he found that money he had been giving his wife had gone to the "other man."

In 1935, his wife died, leaving him deep in debt, which he is still trying to pay.

Jim's children are married and unable to help. He has been out of work for four years and receives 25s. a week, including his disability pension. Out of this, 8s. 9d. a week goes towards paying debts.

Donations earmarked "Jim," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Change your razor from foe to friend—try Parke Davis Shaving Cream. Your Chemist sells large tubes at 1s. 6d., or a 7-day free sample will be sent on application to Box 326/61A, Euthymol, 50, Beak St., London, W.1.

PARKE DAVIS Shaving Cream

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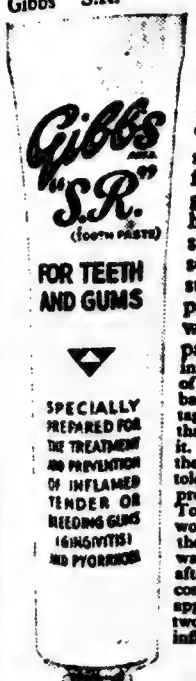
Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste contains in correct combination for home use the specific Dentists use for the treatment of Pyorrhoea and Gingivitis. Twice daily use of Gibbs "S.R." quickly restores bleeding, spongy gums to a healthy condition. Your whole mouth is refreshed, your gums are firm and strong, your teeth are polished to gleaming whiteness, when you use Gibbs "S.R."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(TOOTH PASTE)
FOR TEETH AND GUMS
SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE TREATMENT AND PREVENTION OF INFLAMED TENDER OR BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND PYORRHOEA

All traces of Gum inflammation gone thanks to Gibbs 'S.R.' writes a Dentist

"I have used Gibbs "S.R." personally for some time, and like the feeling of freshness it gives to the mouth. I have prescribed it to several patients with some remarkable results. On one case in particular the results were striking. This patient had a very badly inflamed gum, in the region of the upper left 234. So bad was the inter-dental tag of gum between 2 and 3 that I was going to remove it. This did not meet with the patient's approval, so I told her that if she would promise me to use "S.R." Tooth Paste for a fortnight I would see how it was at the end of that time. I was very surprised to see after the two weeks that the condition had almost disappeared; after a further two weeks all trace of the inflammation had gone."

Ref. A.80

Gibbs "S.R." (TOOTH PASTE) FOR TEETH AND GUMS

Per Tube 1/3

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.I.

GIBBS PYRAMID TOOTH BRUSH

is a brush specifically designed to clean every tooth surface easily and surely. Its bristles and handle are so shaped and arranged as to brush firmly and massage the gums effectively without being harsh. Rinses clean and dries quickly.

Price 1/6 each

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GWENDOLINE The newest two-piece style comprising plain Art. Silk Crepe Dress with fancy printed design Art. Silk Crepe Bolero. The frock has short sleeves, tastefully gathered front trimmed with self material rosette. The skirt has mitred point at the waist, and is finished with fancy tie-fastening belt. The bolero has box-pleated yoke back and the new American elbow length sleeves. Shades: Navy, Green, Brown, and Lido. Sizes: S.W. and W. Busts: 32 to 38in. Lengths: 46 to 50in. Price **27/11**

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3/6 Monthly

Don't overlook the "John Bull" Shop Window on pages 2 and 3

AMAZING OFFER

TO ADD YOU TO 16 MILLION SATISFIED USERS OF FEEN-A-MINT

all over the world

Your doctor will tell you that constipation—either partial or complete—is the cause of countless ailments, many of which can lead to serious organic disease. Your stomach's "signals of distress" may be bad complexion, indigestion, heartburn, lassitude or even rheumatism. For, if you are constipated, your blood stream is being poisoned by decaying waste food matter which has not been eliminated from your system. Feen-a-mint banishes constipation.

Old-fashioned laxatives are often either drastic or incomplete, or efficient but unpleasant. Feen-a-mint is gentle, thorough and safe—and tastes as nice as a sweet. It cleanses and purifies the whole alimentary tract. Children, too, love its cool, fresh mint flavour; it is non-griping and non-habit-forming. That is *why* it is the ideal family laxative.

So, if you're not up to the mark—which means that your system isn't working smoothly and *naturally*—try Feen-a-mint. It works Nature's way—the natural, thorough, safe way.

SLIMMING—A WARNING Many women use a laxative for slimming. But this practice may endanger health if used excessively. Feen-a-mint may be used with absolute safety for slimming in doses of half a tablet every other night.

• • • • •

But to cope with the stress and strain of modern life most people need not only a safe, efficient laxative, but a safe, efficient aspirin.

So the manufacturers of Feen-a-mint invite you to take advantage of their offer to try Aspergum—the new, pleasant-tasting, easy-to-take form of aspirin—FREE.

Read about Aspergum in the panel on the right. Then, take advantage of the coupon below which offers FREE a full sized 1/- packet of Aspergum to every purchaser of a 1/3 packet of FEEN-A-MINT.

ASPERGUM BRAND

the pleasant and easy-to-take form of aspirin

Of course you take aspirin at some time or other for headaches, colds, influenza, throat affections, rheumatism and relief from pains generally. But you probably don't find it easy or pleasant to take. Now, here is ASPERGUM, which puts an end to *all* the drawbacks of aspirin. You don't have to fuss with a glass of water or struggle with a hard-to-swallow tablet. Just take ASPERGUM and you get the full immediate benefit of the finest quality aspirin — more quickly, more effectively than was ever before possible—and pleasantly. You can take ASPERGUM any time, anywhere — no water needed; no tablet to swallow. It is ideal for carrying in a handbag, travelling or holidays. ASPERGUM is as pleasant to take as a sweet . . . and it is free for you to try.

GO TO YOUR CHEMIST, TODAY

Buy a 1/3 packet of Feen-a-mint. This entitles you, FREE, to a full-sized 1/- packet of ASPERGUM. To get it you tear out and fill in the coupon below. Take the "instruction sheet" out of the packet of Feen-a-mint you have bought. Send both coupon and "instruction sheet" to the address on the coupon.

DOCTORS!

If you have not already received your copy of the Aspergum treatise entitled "Post Tonsillectomy Treatment," please write to White's Laboratories Ltd., Thames House, London, S.W.1.

FEEN-A-MINT

The Ideal Family Laxative **1'3** PER PACKET FROM YOUR CHEMIST

FREE To WHITE'S LABORATORIES LTD., THAMES HOUSE, LONDON, S.W.1

I enclose "instruction sheet" from a 1/3 packet of Feen-a-mint which I have just bought. Please send me post FREE full sized 1/- packet of ASPERGUM.

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Agonising Stomach Pain?

IT'S *acid* that causes those terrible stomach pains — corrosive, ulcerating excess acid which burns the delicate lining of the stomach and turns your food into a fermenting, indigestible mass.

The only way to get relief is to neutralise the excess stomach acid. Just take *one dose* of 'Bisurated' Magnesia — and the job's done! 'Bisurated' Magnesia neutralises excess acid in an instant. It spreads a soothing, protective film over the inflamed stomach lining, checks ulceration, and quickly restores normal digestion. That's why it is used and recommended by doctors and hospitals all over the world. Get a bottle to-day.

Prices: Powder, 1/3 & 2/6. Tablets, 6d., 1/3 & 2/6.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 291,655, Mr. W. Clark, 110, Benhurst Gardens, Selsdon, Surrey

I felt myself falling. Something had hit me with terrific force in the back

Found Wandering

IT happened many years ago, when I was still in my 'teens.

The day was very hot, and overhead the sun shone powerfully in a cloudless sky. I found myself in a narrow lane with tall hedges of wild roses and honeysuckle. How long I had been walking I don't know, but it must have been a considerable distance, for my feet were aching.

I continued to walk down the lane until I came to a gate that opened on to a sloping hill. Here I paused to look at the valley below. It was while I was doing this that it came to me that I was lost. But that was not all. I was somewhat frightened to discover that I did not know who I was.

You must understand that I had absolutely no idea where I was or what had occurred to me. It was like finding myself in a strange new world with but a dim recollection of having been in another.

Apart from my sore feet and a pain on the top of the head—due, I found, to a bump—I was all right, too. The only thing lacking was my memory.

For some time I sat on the gate racking my brains in a fruitless effort to connect myself with the past.

After a while, I became alarmed; my mind began to work in the most fantastic manner.

For example, it occurred to me that I was dead, and was wandering the earth as a spirit. To give you some idea how convinced I was, I actually pinched myself. Even when I felt the pain I was not sure that I was alive. For I reasoned that even though I were dead I still retained my sensations.

Then my reasoning told me that the sense of feeling must be as real to a spirit as it was to a person in the flesh.

When I was at length fully convinced that I was a spirit, I became panic-stricken. Jumping from the gate, I began pacing up and down the lane like a person demented. I did this for about ten minutes. Then I had an idea. It might seem mad, but I was eager to do anything to prove to myself that I was alive.

NEAR the field was a small wood. To appease my worried mind, I called out the names of flowers, and in the wood I listened to the re-echoing of my voice. Then it came to me that if I could remember the names of flowers, why couldn't I remember who I was? It was all so perplexing.

At this juncture, I heard the welcome sound of a motor horn.

Standing in the middle of the road, I put up my arm as an indication for the driver to stop, and when I saw him slow up I felt like jumping for joy.

"Perhaps you can help me?" I said.

"I've lost my way," I went on to explain.

"This lane leads down to Bourne End," he said.

"Is it far?"

"No, only about a quarter of an hour from here."

"Thanks very much," I said, and with that he drove away.

"Well, there was one consolation. I wasn't dead.

This revelation cheered me immensely, and I continued to walk on down the hill.

At the bottom, I struck a main road. By this time, I had found sixteen shillings in silver in my pocket. There was also a letter addressed to Mr. Clark at an address in London.

When I saw this, I said to myself, "Well, your name must be Clark." I repeated the name to myself time and again, but still my memory did not return. What the best thing to do was, I had no idea. Perhaps, I thought, I should go to the police. But if I did that I figured that they would think I was mad. In the end I decided to take the train to London.

I was lucky to get a train in about a quarter of an hour. A minute or two after settling down in the carriage, I dropped off to sleep, and didn't wake up until the train arrived in Paddington.

Praed Street, outside the station, struck a familiar note. I knew it so well, yet for the life of me I remembered nothing that I could associate with it. My perplexity so occupied me that after a while I became oblivious to the people and buildings about me. I mention this because once when I looked about me I saw that I was at Hyde Park Corner, and it only seemed a minute before that I was in the Edgware Road. It never occurred to me to ride.

I finally reached Victoria, and it was there that something happened.

Crossing the road near Vauxhall Bridge Road, I felt myself falling—something had hit me with terrific force in the back. The last I remember was hitting the side of the pavement with my head, then all went black and I knew no more until I heard my mother's voice. Opening my eyes, I found myself lying in a bed.

THERE was no doubt about my memory now. As soon as I saw my mother I recognised her. My mind, however, was a bit confused. For some time I had no idea what had happened to me. But now I come to the strangest part of this story. *They told me that I had been knocked down near my house, which was about two miles from Victoria!*

"But that's impossible," I said, whereupon I related what had happened.

Apparently thinking the accident had upset my mind, they told me not to worry.

My injuries, however, were not serious. The worst of them was a bump on the head. This had given me concussion. Needless to say, all the time I was in hospital I was thinking of that strange period when I had lost my memory.

What perplexed me most though, were these items. First, I had in the other world pinched myself and felt pain. Then I had shouted into the wood. Next, the memory of getting into the train was so detailed that it seemed impossible that it did not happen. And then again, I distinctly remember crossing the road at Victoria.

Against all this, however, are these facts. The money found in my pocket amounted to £1 11s. 5d. My feet were not sore. I was knocked down at 8.30 in the morning and was taken straight to hospital.

In the face of all this there is little doubt that I lived the experience while I was in bed in the hospital.

But when I was better I was still convinced that I had actually been to Bourne End. To check up on this I took a trip down there one day.

ON my arrival there I saw that the station was not exactly like the one I had gone to, but it was vaguely familiar. I also found a lane that resembled the one I walked down, but there was no wood in it.

Perhaps the oddest part about my experience was my knowing the name Bourne End when I had never even heard of it. A psychologist I know told me that the only explanation he could give was that I had seen or heard the name at some time and forgotten it. He went on to explain that nothing is lost which you have experienced. What happens is that it is pushed into the unconscious mind.

"Because we can't remember anything," he said. "It doesn't mean that we have never experienced it."

When you suspect
RHEUMATISM

When you are suddenly attacked, for no particular reason, by the most penetrating, vivid pain you can ever remember, the chances are that you are carrying an unsuspected load of Uric Acid. You may be sitting quietly in an easy chair, or doing a bit of gardening or bending down in the kitchen. Without warning you are rooted to the spot—any movement is sheer agony.

That's Rheumatism all right, or one of its half-cousins, Sciatica or Lumbago. You've got to move that Uric Acid double-quick, before it gets a footing, or you will find it has come to stay. You don't want to become a permanent Rheumaticky subject.

The quickest way to get Uric Acid out of the system is by taking a glass of Fynnon Salt every morning. This cool, still saline, made by stirring a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glass of ordinary water, derives its beneficial effect from the Sodium, Potassium and Lithium in it. Uric Acid can never remain for long in the body when Fynnon Salt is taken daily. For this reason thousands of people who have never known the thraldom of Rheumatism (and never want to) are daily partakers of the health-giving qualities of Fynnon Salt. If you suspect even a slight tendency to Rheumatism, join the happy band who keep fit, slim and supple on Fynnon Salt. 1/3 a tin from all chemists.

NEW BETTER WAY TO CLEAN FALSE TEETH

"I really think in all my experience that 'Steradent' is the finest product I have used," writes an eminent Dentist. This is typical of the professional opinion of over 10,000 Dentists now recommending 'Steradent' to their patients as the finest preparation ever produced for keeping dental plates clean and hygienic. 'Steradent' has only one use—to clean and purify dentures. ***It does this as nothing else has ever done before.*** Simply put a little "Steradent" powder in a glass of warm water. Stir well. Leave your dentures in it while you dress, or for overnight. *DON'T BRUSH*—it's unnecessary. Simply rinse and teeth and plates are fresh and clean—clean where the brush can't reach.

'Steradent' cleans away the blackest stains, tartar, film and tarnish. Ends bad taste and smell of dirty false teeth. Makes dull teeth and discoloured gums look like new. Makes them silky smooth, cool, comfortable. 'Steradent' is the discovery of Dr. L. W. Sherwin, authority on oral hygiene. (*It's guaranteed harmless.*) Use 'Steradent' and you will enjoy a denture comfort and cleanliness heretofore unknown. Price 1/- and 1/9 at all chemists.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 1½d. in stamps for trial supply to Steradent Ltd. (Dept. J.B.38), Kingston Works, Hull.

WARNING. Refuse imitations and inferior substitutes. They may damage your plates beyond repair

Steradent
CLEANS & STERILISES FALSE TEETH

'10 minutes to wait before catching the boat train'
—*says* NORA SWINBURNE

—'so *Mine's a Minor!*'

'Quality' still means something to cigarette smokers. They choose De Reszke Minors for a 10-minute smoke because, although inexpensive, they are not 'cheap'. Actually, they are made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. And they last the *full* 10 minutes.

PLAIN, CORK OR 'IVORY'-TIPPED.

De Reszke
MINORS

In tins: 30 *for* 1/- ★ 60 *for* 2/- ★ *In boxes:* 15 *for* 6D. ★ 30 *for* 1/-

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd

FOR THAT LEISURED ½ HOUR—DE RESZKE MAJORS, 20 for 1/-

TRUST YOUR DENTIST —he says KOLYNOS

BRING BACK NATURAL WHITENESS TO YOUR TEETH

DENTISTS throughout the world recommend KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM because of its proved antiseptic and cleansing action. This remarkable tooth paste foams into every tiny crevice, killing the germs which are the cause of stain, tartar and decay. It cleans and whitens teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. Kolynos, being highly concentrated, is most economical in use. Only half-an-inch—preferably on a dry brush—morning and night will ensure white teeth and a healthy mouth.

FREE. Send for Trial Tube of Kolynos. Address: Kolynos (Dept. 87B), Chenies St., London, W.C.1.

Of all Chemists and Stores
1/9, 1/- and 6d.

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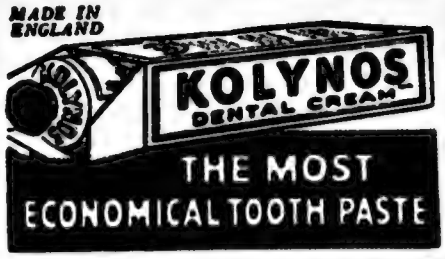

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GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Reliable Folding Car with reversible handle, strong tubular frame, tangent spoke tin wheels, rubber tyres, & handsomely upholstered. In Fawn or Wedgwood Blue shades. Folds compactly and easy to carry. 28/- Terms: 3/6 monthly.

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Send for this special
FREE RECIPE BOOK
A Cookery Booklet of interest to every housewife.
"BETTER BREAKFASTS"

NO kitchen should be without this invaluable little booklet offered free to "John Bull" readers by the makers of "NEW WORLD" GAS COOKERS. "Better Breakfasts" gives you many helpful suggestions about meals which cook themselves, together with "Regulo" settings and cooking times. All you need do to secure your copy is to fill in the Coupon on p. 23 or write, mentioning "John Bull," to Radiation Ltd. (Dept. S.24/7), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. Every housewife should write NOW!

POISONED SYSTEM & RHEUMATISM

Let Mr. Foster, of 60, XXX St., Cheddar, Somerset, tell you of his miraculous recovery. "I suffered from Poisoned System caused through making Poison Gas for the war. This developed Rheumatism. I was reduced to 7 st. 6 lbs., a complete wreck. I thought it was only a matter of time with me. Vitadatio made me a new man. I now weigh 11 st. 6 lbs., can walk miles, and feel better than ever I did."—Are you anxious regarding your health? If your trouble is Impure Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, or Internal Ailments, get a bottle of Vitadatio to-day. It is the greatest Blood Purifier and Rebuilder known. It goes right to the root of the trouble, eradicates disease, and restores health. It has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours.

Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists & Stores, 3/- & 5/- per bottle (or per post 6d. extra in U.K.)

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'LIVE' Yeast is LIFE....

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast, absolutely free from drugs. It ensures perfect assimilation of food, purifies the system and is a splendid Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES, NEURITIS and BOILS.

... PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP. It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to both men and women, thereby prolonging the JOY OF LIFE.

...50 Tablets 1/3 ...

Family Size 3/- .. Vest Pocket Size 6d.

Perfectly Safe .... Not a Patent Medicine. From all Chemists. Make no mistake—Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING...

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For Women... for Men
There is still no dressing for the hair which compares—as a means of imparting lustre and promoting luxuriant growth—with
Old English Oils

2 oz., 4 oz. and 8 oz. bottles: 1/-; 1/6; 2/6. From all Hairdressers, Stores, etc. O. C. & Co., LTD., LONDON, W.1

YOUTH'S BIG DAY

SANDOW might have wept, might even have changed his ideas, if he had lived to visit the vast Empire Stadium at Wembley on Saturday.

For with the Youth of Britain on show —11,000 of them, the biggest youth demonstration the country has ever seen —muscle-worship is going to be pushed fully and finally into eclipse.

Those 11,000 boys and girls are going to show that one of the many mistakes of the pre-war generations was the lionising of men who lifted cannon-balls, drove 6-in. nails into planks with the bare palm, and who tried to develop steel-hard muscles that bulged like hillocks.

They are going to show people who grumble about "degenerate youth" that the lads and lasses of Britain are as fit as ever they were in history—but in a different, a more important, way.

They don't want to be able to "pull" 200 lb. for a man and 100 lb. for a woman on a chest expander. They haven't the least wish to lift ton weights. Haven't they been born into a world where all cart-horse work is done by machinery, anyhow?

Particularly are they not anxious to become muscle-bound, slowed down, rusted, by the constant repetition of feats that used to thrill their grown-ups when they were young.

The people of the New Britain are going to be people whose constant effort is for poise, balance, swiftness of movement, grace, alertness, reaction, smooth response. People based once again on the old Greek ideal rather than the muscular make-up of the bull.

And at this great Festival of Youth, the proceeds of which are to go to King George's Jubilee Trust, that flesh-and-blood memorial to a great Monarch which aims at giving the boys and girls of the kingdom fitter bodies and a happier time, we are going to be shown how it will be done.

Not by stern-faced boys and girls made to go through their paces by compulsion, as in some dictator-ridden countries, moving with uncanny precision to the barking of State sergeant-majors.

The happy faces of these thousands of representatives of youth, their buoyancy, their general air of being abubble with life and vivacity, will show that fitness is a quality better sought than imposed.

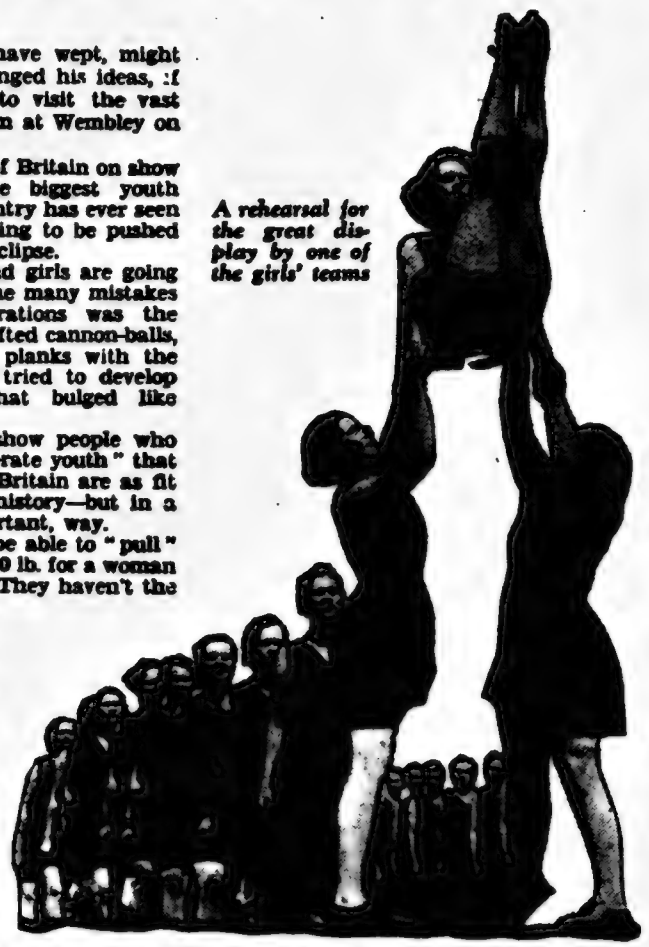
The idea of demonstrating in one huge arena the work of all the health and youth movements that are working for a better British race grew out of King George V's Jubilee.

The British Sports and Games Association felt that nothing would delight the late King more than a massed, living proof that the boyhood and girlhood of the country could give the lie to the slander that they were inferior in any way to the boyhood and girlhood of other countries.

Forty organisations, among them the Amateur Athletic, Boxing and Swimming Associations, the English Folk-dance Society, the English Schools' Football Association, the Women's Amateur Athletic Association, the National Association of Boys' Club and the Royal Life-Saving Society, came forward to join in the proof that the generation from which the dreadful depression that followed the war stole its childhood had risen over the handicap.

Then the blow of the King's death—and the great scheme had to be postponed.

Well, on Saturday, round a golden statue of Youth 30 ft. high, his flaming torch rising over the heads of the performers, Young Britain is going to give us the proof of its own fitness at last.



A rehearsal for the great display by one of the girls' teams

Nearly seven hundred children will romp on to the field—such children as all children have a right to be. In a moment thirty different games will be in progress.

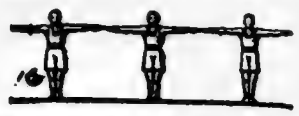
See in one corner the old game of stool ball, which gave us cricket; in another shinty, the game that helped to give us Irish laughter; elsewhere rounders, proof that we played baseball long before America heard of it; team passing, dodge ball, skittle ball, field hand-ball, net-ball, quoit tennis and others.

Peeps, here and there, of our village greens of two hundred years ago. Peeps somewhere else of games not yet developed, but which experts think will one day seize hold of our imagination and become famous.

At one time the arena will be filled with twelve hundred members of the Boys' Brigade moving like one to music. Dressed in red, white and blue, they will appear to bring the Union Jack to life.

Then more than a thousand Girl Guides will turn the scene into a sea of blue—a sea that will break into scores of mad eddies as they dance round Maypoles.

Four hundred educational gymnasts, all being trained in different establishments to inculcate fitness in their fellows, will move with the precision of four hundred pendulums. No ox-like weight-lifters among them, but four hundred wonderful samples of the human body shown at its best.



Next, twelve hundred young boys and girls will demonstrate the new idea in physical training. Not mere "on the knees down . . . up . . . down." Didn't that used to bore you as a child?

To-day, well, there's arches, straddle tunnel, snake relay, jumping the stick, and many other such exercises that give all the physical training you want in the most scientific and palatable form.

There'll be nearly a thousand youngsters of the Women's League of Health and Beauty. That league is always an afternoon's entertainment on its own.

A thousand boys and girls will perform the most thrilling gymnastic feats at fifty-two different points in the Stadium simultaneously.

Four hundred Boy Scouts will provide a camping scene.

And there'll be folk dancing, nearly fifteen hundred performers in the Norfolk Long dance, the Abram Morris dance, the Circassian Circle Country dance and others — a real touch of medieval days, this.

Also, such skipping as you may never have seen in your life before will be but a small part of the show that is to be put on by 1,546 "Keep Fit" Girls.

These thrills and more . . . and yet surely the biggest of all will be when the eleven thousand fine youngsters parade together, march together, vividly dressed, their faces alight and their legs flashing and gleaming, to the music of the Massed Band of the Brigade of Guards.

You may be certain of fine pageantry. The fact that the producer is Lieut.-Col. H. H. Douglas Withers, who also produces the Aldershot Tattoos, is a guarantee of that.

And you won't resist feeling something moving deep within you when you see those eleven thousand young boys and girls, not one of whom was even thought about on that first Armistice Day, on their mettle, striving to prove to you that they won't let their great race down—*and proving it.*

You Never Can Tell

MIDSUMMER, with the beaches filling up again, and the flood bogy gone for a few happy months. . . .

That's how it should be, but it doesn't always turn out like that. "Rain and thunderstorms over South-East England," said a weather report the other day. Then at 9 p.m. four raging thunderstorms —it was a visit from February Fill-dyke in the heart of summer. "The water came into the scullery and kitchen in such a rush that my wife only had time to see the children upstairs to safety," is the experience of one man.

"The linoleum damaged beyond repair, and the carpets and mats considerably worse. We have to live upstairs now, as downstairs is unfit for our kiddies.

That account came from a reader of JOHN BULL. But as far as the material damage was concerned he had no need to worry. We paid for the damage to his personal property—all because he had qualified for the protection of the unique JOHN BULL free family insurance scheme by filling up a coupon such as is reprinted for your convenience on page —.

Fire, flood, lightning, burglary, sickness —these and other such disasters know no close season. But there is always some satisfaction in knowing you have protected yourself. So why not turn to page 38 and do it now.

DYSPEPSIA

Of all forms of digestive derangement, dyspepsia is not one that will be put right by waving a magic wand. When the correct treatment has been prescribed a certain amount of patience may be called for before the final cure is effected.

Probably the most reliable, and certainly the most popular form of treatment is Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It is a perfectly balanced combination of pure ingredients designed to deal with the peculiar needs of dyspeptic subjects. In many cases the impaired power of digestion so common in dyspepsia has to be assisted, and it is in rendering this much-needed assistance to good digestion that Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is so beneficial. When the natural flow of gastric juice is deficient, this powder restores balance in the stomach and works wonders with the digestive organs.

Dyspeptic subjects should take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder regularly for a week or two, during which period they will experience a progressive improvement that will surprise and delight them. Get the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder with the signature, "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Powder or tablets, 1/3, 2/-, 5/-. Never sold loose.

EX-SOLDIER says DŌ-DŌ HAS ENDED HIS 22 YEARS OF COUGHING

This is what Mr. W.H.B. wrote from Southall, in a letter received on March 4th, 1937.

"I 'advertise' DO-DO for Gas Cases. In 1915 at Ypres our Battalion got it properly, and ever since then, until nine months ago, I never had a proper night's sleep. I tried almost everything, until I thought I was only wasting money. About nine months ago I was talking to a chap and started coughing. He said "Have you tried DO-DO?" Well, he had just bought a packet and gave me one, and told me to take it when I got to bed. He bet me a couple of drinks I would have a night's sleep. I jumped at the bet, and I am glad to say I beat. That was the first night I had slept right through for years. Well, I bought more, and then found I could leave off taking them, but the bad weather came and now I have a DO-DO every night, but who wouldn't pay a penny for a good night's sleep!"

That Do-Do (Brand) Tablets have amazing power to conquer stubborn and deep-seated coughs is known to thousands, but we are glad to publish this really wonderful tribute to Do-Do's potency, written by a British soldier gassed at Ypres in 1915. No matter what is the cause of your cough, Do-Do will give you relief and ease. A shilling packet will prove it! Do-Do tablets conquer wicked coughs in an amazingly short time because they are virtually solid medicine—a unique combination of medicaments of the highest therapeutic (curative) value, found in no other asthma remedy, at any price. Were Do-Do sold at ten times their price, they could not be made better, because no better formula exists.

Do-Do (Brand) Tablets give relief in 30 seconds and smash the worst attack in 10-30 minutes in even acute cases of DAY and NIGHT ASTHMA, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, CATARRH-COMPLICATED ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, CHEST WHEEZINESS, DYSPNOEA (DIFFICULT BREATHING), EMPHYSEMA (AIR DISTENDED LUNGS), etc., etc.

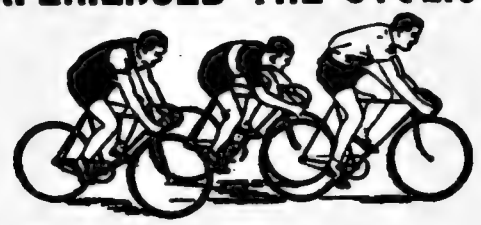
Do-Do (Brand) Tablets have amazing virtue in giving calm, restful and refreshing sleep. They contain no narcotics or "sleeping drugs," and their soothing power is due solely to their ability to conquer the asthma attack by clearing the clogged air passages and bronchioles.

The power of a single Do-Do Tablet to cut short a violent choking spasm is due to its high medicinal content. In one Do-Do Tablet you get full 5 grains of concentrated medicine. That is why ONE Do-Do Tablet will end the worst paroxysm in 30 seconds; and why an occasional dose will keep even a chronic sufferer free from attacks, imparting complete freedom of movement and perfect peace of mind.

To get this instantaneous relief and build up greatly increased powers of resistance to further attacks, you must insist on the genuine Do-Do (Brand) Tablets. They are sold by Qualified Chemists everywhere at 1s. (seven full doses), 3s. (4 times the 1s. size) and 10s. 6d. (17 times the 1s. size).

★ Cut out this advertisement—NOW, before you read anything else—to remind you to get a shilling packet of Do-Do.

THE MORE EXPERIENCED THE CYCLIST



the more he relies on

DUNLOP TYRES

DUNLOP TUBULAR SPRINTS for races and time-trials his preference is, of course, for DUNLOP TUBULAR SPRINT TYRES—these feather-weight keeps of speed. There are eight models of them for different types of racing surface, and each is the liveliest and most reliable product of its kind. Cotton Tyres 25/- Silk Tyres 30/-

Experience has taught him the value of Dunlop experience — that unrivalled knowledge of tyre construction and design which alone makes possible the lightest, the liveliest and the fastest cycle tyres in the world.

FOR THE ROAD, EVER-DEPENDABLE DUNLOPS ARE

DUNLOP ROAD RACING (High Pressure). Suits for those "all-out" for speed, fits design, or fits with ribbed centre. This tyre fits only DUNLOP Special narrow section steel rim. Tube fitted with Presta valve. Two sizes—26" x 1¼" and 27" x 1¼". Larger size to fits with ribbed centre only. Cover 8/6 Tube 2/9

DUNLOP SPRITE Was awarded the C.T.C. plaque. The smaller size weighs only 16 ozs. The fine ribbed tread reduces rolling resistance and prevents sideslip. In two sizes 26" x 1¼" and 26" x 1⅜". Cover 7/6 Tube 2/6

DUNLOP TYRES were again chosen for the SIX DAYS BICYCLE RACE at WEMBLEY

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM. Branches throughout the World.

7H/J.5 C.F.H.L.

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

I'm not doubtful

In fact I'm pretty sure you'll find it difficult to discover an 8d. tobacco with anything like the cool smoking and lasting qualities of 'Digger.' Only the choicest Empire leaf goes into 'Digger', and preferential duty helps us to produce it at a price which is many a man's limit. Why not invest 8d. next time, and prove its quality for yourself — Player's reputation behind it means a 'good deal'.

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

TOBACCOS

8D

P.D.47

FLAKE - SHAG - PLUG MIXTURE - HONEYDEW

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 18.

NEURALGIA

Goes For 2d.

Beechams Powders are a boon and blessing to all who suffer pain—Neuralgia, Headaches, Inflammation, Nerve Pains. They bring relief for 2d.—quickly, surely, certainly. Get some to-day and keep them always handy for colds and chills also.

Beechams Powders 2D ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 6 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

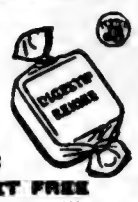
Indigestion

now yields to Digestif Rennie

Here's a pathetic case. A man who tried nearly everything and found no relief from indigestion. A man sunk in pessimism, and without hope. But he found Digestif Rennie—the remedy that every sufferer calls upon sooner or later—and lost his indigestion completely. Read on:

"I can assure you there is nobody on earth who has suffered with Indigestion more than I have—that awful burning from the throat and chest until it is raw—and I have been unable to eat. After taking Digestif Rennie, I have now been so relieved that I am compelled to write and thank you for such a remedy. I have, I believe, tried almost everything under the sun, and this has cost me pounds and pounds. A 1 9 box of Digestif Rennie lasts me about 3 weeks—I take two after each meal, and repeat when necessary. Once again thanking you for the comfort you have given me."
W. P. H., Lowestoft.

There are 15 ingredients in Digestif Rennie. They conquer the acid in your stomach. They mop up the stomach gas. They digest your food. Dissolving without water, they enter the stomach undiluted. Pain goes. Indigestion is no more. 'Rennie' tablets are pleasanter—they taste like sweets. They are more convenient—you carry as many as you'll need. Each is wrapped in wax paper. Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles are obtained from any chemist. Get some to-day and say a sweet good-bye to indigestion. Trial size 6d. Family size 1 9.



Digestif Rennie

FULL-SIZE 6d. PACKET FREE

Test Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles at our expense. Send for full-size 6d. packet free. No obligation. Write NOW to Digestif Rennie, E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., 33, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester.

BETTER SMOKING for EVERY MAN— who rolls in A.G

Better in every way; cigarettes that are cooler to the tongue, that don't put a "rasp" on your throat. It's all in the paper—there's nothing added to this paper to "keep it burning," nothing to interfere with the tobacco flavour. That's why, wherever you go, you'll find smokers who for years have rolled their own—always in A.G. It's *the* paper that makes better cigarettes, but costs no more than ordinary paper; and you can get it in an automatic packet that's a real winner.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS *Now packed in 3 styles*

THE *IMPROVED* AUTOMATIC PACK

COSTS NO MORE

GOOD NEWS

FOR ALL WHO SUFFER FROM **PILES**

3/- per bottle. Post Free.

RAN-ILE banishes piles! As soon as you take it this marvellous liquid medicine begins its healing work. RAN-ILE soothes irritation, stops pain, reduces inflammation, brings ease and health. One bottle works wonders. Two will effect a complete cure. Doctors prescribe RAN-ILE. It is a tonic too!

RAN-ILE LTD., (Dept. J.B.), 95, Derby Rd., IPSWICH.

There is nothing wrong with a wife going to dances, even without her husband, but it is folly to continue at the risk of breaking up her home

Dancing Mothers

Human Documents By Philip Inman

NOT long ago I heard a leading barrister talking about the congestion in the Divorce Courts. "Where there were ten cases when I was a junior," he said, there must be a hundred to-day."

I asked him why so many marriages broke down. He replied, "Because sufficient care is not taken in choosing a partner." My postbag confirms that opinion. The contracting parties often have little in common. Then trouble must inevitably arise. One of my correspondents writes:—

Perhaps you can find a way out of our difficulty and tell us frankly whether my wife or I am in the wrong. My wife is very fond of dancing, while I can see nothing in it, and we have never been to a dance together. She knew of my utter dislike of this pastime before we married, and so, in my opinion, had her chance to let me go.

She says I am selfish and old-fashioned. I say the average dance-hall is not a fit place to which a decent wife should go alone. I don't mind staying at home to look after our baby while she goes to the pictures with her mother, but if she goes to a dance I am not happy until she is safely back again.

I am now putting my foot down, but my wife says that the days are over when a woman did as told by her husband.

ONLY the other day, the clerk of the Hull magistrates told a young wife, "If your husband objects to your dancing, you should give it up." I think that advice sound. But don't misunderstand me. I am not looking at it simply from the man's point of view. I am not suggesting that the husband should decide what pleasures his wife must enjoy. But I cannot imagine any woman who loves her home risking unhappiness and a possible break-up of that home simply to indulge in a pastime that can be replaced.

In this particular case my correspondent expressed his feelings pretty strongly about dancing before his marriage. Knowing of his strong prejudice against it, the girl should not have married him, or she should have agreed to sink her own inclinations and find some other form of recreation in which both of them could participate.

This young man seems to be perfectly fair and reasonable in his willingness to stay at home and look after the child while his wife goes to the pictures with her mother. I hope the wife on her part will also be reasonable.

One of the problems common among married couples is: Should a wife be expected to give her husband money that she has earned herself?

Seven years ago (says a correspondent) I married a man who is in the Merchant Service, and we have been happy in everything with one exception. He has had long periods of unemployment, going away for a few months and then being for a time without a berth. Last year he was away for nearly the whole year, and during that time I took in boarders and managed to save nearly £40.

When he returned home we decided that it would be a good thing for him to give up the sea and to take a little business. For this purpose I gave him the money I had stinted myself to save, but he frittered it away.

When it had all gone he got another ship. Since he has been away I have been saving again, but he will be coming back soon, and I do not know what I ought to do. Do you advise me not to tell him that I have saved this money, or tell him that I have done so but refuse to give it to him? I am afraid that if I take the latter course it will only lead to unpleasantness.

I THINK this woman must take a firm stand. If she again allows her husband to have the money, he may squander it as on the last occasion. And he may go on doing that kind of thing. I do not think it wise for her to deceive him.

By far the better plan is to have a straight talk with him. She can remind him of their joint desire to have a business of their own. She can tell him, "I am willing to do my best to that end but you must play your part as well." He must have been receiving his wages while at sea, and it is only right that he should contribute his share.

He must surely see the reasonableness of that contention. In the meantime, my correspondent should not leave the money lying idle in the house. In a generous moment she might be inclined to respond to a request for it.

The better plan would be to place it in the Post Office Bank. She could tell her husband that she is willing to withdraw it when they have definitely found a business, and remind him that while it remains there it is gaining interest.

My next correspondent has a harder problem to solve. Let me give it in her own words:—

When I married five years ago, my husband was in the Navy, but he left the Service the following year. Then for three years he had only small periods of work. A few months ago he was invited to rejoin the Navy for a period of three years, and after careful consideration he decided to do so, and he is now stationed at Malta.

He is very fond of me and our two little girls. I adore all three of them too, but I suppose I am more practically minded than he is. When he left England I had to face a number of bills which had accumulated during his unemployment. I at once moved from the house in which we were living into one room, and I am hoping soon to be free of all our debts.

I also hoped to be able to furnish a little place nicely for his homecoming. But his letters are terribly depressing. He says he cannot possibly exist without me and the babies, and he begs us to join him. If we do that we should come home to goodness knows what, and my fare alone would cost £18.

I know my husband is having a bad time, but if I were to keep thinking of the next two years I should go crazy too. Instead, I make myself think of what I am trying to achieve—a comfy little home and a little put by to give us a start on his return.

A WIFE'S rightful place is with her husband. This woman recognises that fact, and if she followed her own inclination she would go to him. But she is considering the future as well as the present. She has tasted the discomforts of hardship. She knows how quickly debts can accumulate—how difficult they are to clear.

She feels that the best welcome she can give her husband on his return is to have a comfortable home and a little bit in the bank. Then they could regard the future with greater confidence. Though I can appreciate what a trial such a separation must be to a home-loving man, I think in this case his wife is right.

And I hope she can impart to him a little of her own outlook.

Her letters can do a great deal to hearten and cheer him. She can tell him how she is progressing with her plans and inspire him to work for the same objects as she has in mind. And by keeping his mind focused on their reunion she will help to bridge the gap of the next two years.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Hurry For Your Pie

Hurry round to your newsagent at once and get a copy of *Summer Pie*, the great holiday annual, now on sale everywhere.

Summer Pie contains one hundred pages of thrills, adventure and humour for only 6d., by nearly fifty of our best writers and artists, including Sydney Horler, Beverley Nichols, Gilbert Wilkinson and A. C. Barrett.

All profits from the sale of *Summer Pie* will be given to charity. Don't miss the best bargain of the year. Get *Summer Pie* at once.

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS MOTHS BEETLES FLEAS etc.—even bugs

For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.* —But it must be KEATINGS

Tins 4d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

Are You like this in a Bathing Costume?

ASKS HAROLD LAURANCE, TRIPLE BRITISH STRENGTH CHAMPION AND OFFICIAL OLYMPIC GAMES REPRESENTATIVE

Why Envy a Body like Mine—Have One Yourself by accepting my offer of FREE PERSONAL TRAINING BY POST

IF NOT I Will Train You FREE to have a figure like mine

ALL you have to do is to post the form below for particulars of my invention. The Laurance Staminator, an amazing appliance which costs shillings only, but is WORTH UNTOLD GOLD, for it will turn you, however thin, weedy, or weak you may be, into a MAN OF MASSIVE MUSCLE and imposing physique. It CREATES COLOSSAL STRENGTH and Outstanding Will Power. It will make you a Dominating Character in whatever company you may chance to be, for Men respect and Women worship the fine vigorous He-Man.

The Laurance Staminator is a really remarkable Exerciser, unlike any other, and requires no fixing or fitting. It will add inches to your chest, arms, neck and legs in a very short time. The weakest man can quickly achieve his Ideal in Strength and Herculean proportions by accepting my unprecedented offer.

MY OFFER IS A

TWO GUINEA COURSE OF PERSONAL INSTRUCTION FREE

to Readers of "John Bull."

SEND THIS COUPON—IT IS WORTH £2-2-0 TO YOU

To Harold Laurance (Principal), Laurance Institute of Health and Stamina, Ltd., Ludgate House, 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me free and without obligation full particulars of the Laurance Staminator and of the Free £2 2 0 Course of Training and my booklet "Supermanity."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 3.7.37 .....

MY own much-photographed physique is not "a natural gift." I was undersized and underweight, but I built up strength and weight by methods which I discovered for myself, and I have instructed hundreds of others, personally, and by post, always with the most astounding results. Only a few minutes a day are needed to produce these Massive Muscles, this Huge Chest Capacity, Increased Body Weight, Exceptional Strength, and Amazing Stamina and Endurance.

I Guarantee, if you accept my offer, to give you just as careful, personal and individual attention as if you had paid £2 2s. for the three months' Course, and I promise that you will never regret the time spent on making yourself into a "Superman."

This Free Offer is extended to Readers who purchase my

GREAT NEW DISCOVERY

THE LAURANCE STAMINATOR

(The appliance the Whole World has waited for)

Costs Shillings—but Worth its Weight in Gold

Send the Coupon on left for full particulars.

The LAURANCE STAMINATOR is the World's Greatest Body Building Appliance and has just created the most Amazing Physical Culture Record ever known. 29 pupils taking the FREE Personal Instruction Course added 220 inches of muscle measurement in the first 28 days ! ! !
Reports inspected and certified by Editor of "Health & Strength." Post Coupon for Particulars To-day!

Afraid to show Your Face BECAUSE OF ECZEMA?

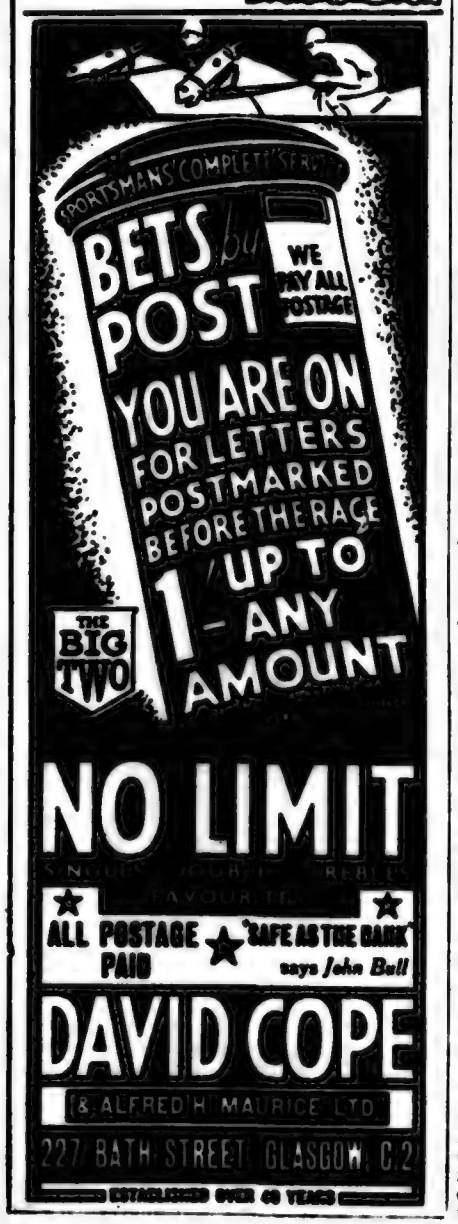
Let Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT Make Your SKIN CLEAN!

If you are tortured and rendered unsightly by a terrible Skin Affliction don't despair! Apply GERMOLENE, the Wonder Ointment! What a remarkable result! Inflammation subsides—irritation is soothed 'at a touch'—even within 24 hours the skin looks Clearer, Cleaner, Healthier! "SKIN HEALING MAGIC": *that's* what it is! GERMOLENE even heals terrible ulcers and open wounds after long years of hopeless misery.

THE WONDER REMEDY FOR
ABSCESSES
BOILS
SUNBURN
WOUNDS
BAD LEG
ECZEMA
BLACKHEADS
HEAT RASH
RINGWORM
SCALDS
BITES
ACHE, BURNS

6D 1/3, 3/- & 12/- per tin Tubes 4/6

NOTE: When you have been cured by GERMOLENE Ointment, never use anything else on your skin but GERMOLENE MEDICATED TOILET SOAP 6d. per Tablet. All Chemists


SPORTSMAN'S COMPLETE SERVICE
BETS by POST
WE PAY ALL POSTAGE
YOU ARE ON FOR LETTERS POSTMARKED BEFORE THE RACE
UP TO 1 - ANY AMOUNT
THE BIG TWO
NO LIMIT
ALL POSTAGE PAID
"SAFE AS THE BANK" says John Bull
DAVID COPE
(& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.)
227 BATH STREET GLASGOW, C.2
ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS

FROM OUR READERS

What Does the Archbishop Say About This Ban?

MY chum and I spent last week-end on a cycling tour in Derbyshire.

On Sunday morning we dismounted at a village church and made to enter to attend the service.

At the porch we were stopped by an office-bearer who asked us to wait until he had a talk with the curate.

When he returned he intimated that we could not be admitted.

The reason was that we were wearing shorts!—ALFRED HUGHES, Aldermoor Lane, Coventry.

Small wonder that the Archbishop of Canterbury's "Recall to Religion" appeal is having poor results.

DISMAL

IN the reeds of our village pond, which dries up rapidly, a moorhen is now nesting—a rare occurrence.

I must be pessimistic. This is a portent of rainy weather ahead.

There will be enough rain to keep the pond full until the little ones are fledged.—M. M. GREIG, Williams' Cottages, Alphamstone, Essex.

Country folk believe that moorhens never make a mistake.

TINY CITIZENS

THIS week I assisted, as the midwife, at the birth of what I believe must be Britain's smallest baby—Mary Rendall, of Park Road, Dulwich.

She weighed only 3 lb. 11 oz.—MRS. ETHEL BRIDGES, Burbage Road, S.E.24.

Far from a record. June Turner, born at Thurlstone, Yorkshire, this month, weighed two pounds at birth. She has since put on a few ounces on a diet of barley-water and milk, administered with a fountain-pen filler.

IDENTIFICATION

ARDENT feminists are complaining about the anomaly of the titles "Mrs." and "Miss" being used to distinguish married women and spinsters, while there is no distinction for men.

Why shouldn't there be? Let all bachelors be described as "Master" and married men as "Mr."—L. K. SMITH, Royal Hotel, Worksop.

Another correspondent suggests that married men should be distinguished by the prefix "Martyr."

Race with "Silver Ring"

"Ally Pally"

ENTRIES for the Stewards' Cup and other events at Goodwood are a sign that the flat-racing season is almost half over. I shall be interested in the weights allotted to Pingall, Couvert and Pherozshah for the big Sussex sprint. The weights are due on July 8.

Alexandra Park is the centre of attraction this week-end. The JOHN BULL Code selection for the Pitmen's Derby, Signature, was short-headed. If he can act on the "Ally Pally" turns he looks a good thing for the London Cup.

Captain Boyd-Rochfort may bring off a Cesarewitch coup with this big son of Gainsborough.

Zoom and Balkan Stingo are other horses to note at the north London fixture.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, July 1, to Wednesday, July 7.

M E J T B A K X U Z R 98 96 D V H G 94 N 93 I 95 S O Y 97 L W F P Q C

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: P9598G9SL would read DAWMAR. Where a double letter occurs in the name the figure 2 is substituted. K95G9J would read SAMMY.

PERFECT MAN

OUR vicar counselled the women members of his congregation last Sunday not to suffer in silence any aspects of their husbands' personalities and habits which caused them irritation, but to discuss them frankly with their partners.

I have pondered deeply, but honestly cannot find anything in my husband which irritates me.—MRS. J. MANSON, Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.12.

Doesn't that discovery alone irritate?

HAPPY APPEALS

AT Douglas, Lanarkshire, I observed a quaint and pleasant notice which must gain much more respect than the ordinary brusque "Shut This Gate" order. It reads:

Be ye Man or be ye Woman;
Be ye Soon or be ye Late;
Be ye Gaun or be ye Comin';
Be ye Sure and Shut this Gate.

—DAVID HILL, Agnes Street, Glasgow, N.W.

Another polite gate notice is in the Campsie district, "You may use this gate; but the cattle may not."

INEXPLICABLE

COUNCILS of a number of Scottish towns have offered a birthday present of a bank book with a £1 deposit to babies born on Coronation Day.

Firms of jewellers also offered silver cups.

Seven weeks have now passed and the parents of only one-third of the babies have applied for the gifts.

Scotland is fast losing its reputation.—A. MACLEOD, Croftwood Avenue, Glasgow, S.4.

Similar experience is reported in England by private individuals and bodies who undertook to provide Coronation birthday souvenirs.

WARNING

NO better service could be rendered by the Ministry of Health than placing a ban on the indiscriminate supply of weight-reducing medicines.

Without first consulting my doctor, I used one, and have had to pay the penalty by fourteen weeks' hospital treatment for poisoning to which I very nearly succumbed.—MRS. RUTH EVANS, Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, S.E.12.

"John Bull" refuses to advertise any of these medicines because many contain dinitrophenol which can produce cataracts and blindness, skin and blood diseases and neuritis.

PRESSING PROBLEM

THERE was great excitement in my workplace this week.

It was announced that a new cost-of-living index figure had been officially published.

And it was so many points up that it would affect the sliding-scale which controls our wages.

We would be getting our first increase for eighteen months! .... .

I thought, as I bent to the bench, how I would break the happy news to the missus. Mentally, I promised her that summer dress . . . shoes for the youngsters.

And what a relief it would be to her housekeeping worries. She has been so disheartened by the fact that now she has to pay 24s. 6d. for the same quantity of food that a pound bought not so long ago.

My mates and I earn an average of £3 5s. weekly.

Our "rise" has been—ninepence a week!—BERT. MORTIMER, Woodlands Road, Northfield, Birmingham.

Trade unions are preparing to deal with the big disparity between wage levels and increased living costs. But something will have to be done also for the unemployed and recipients of widows' and old-age pensions.

MILK-O!

LET the Milk Marketing Board address itself to the problem of high prices first by dealing with the chaotic and costly methods of distribution.

There are twelve houses in one street in this district. Milkmen from seven different firms deliver there daily.—J. W. PRESLAND, East Street, Lightcliffe, Brighouse.

It is estimated that multiple daily deliveries also add a penny per quart to the price of milk.

HER GIFT

MY thirteen-year-old sister has gathered about 500 four-leaved clovers in the last few years.

To-day she came home with a bunch of 140 of them, picked about three hundred yards from my home.

Curiously, she is the only member of the family who can find them.—MISS IRENE CHALLIS, Vincent Road, Lundwood, Barnsley.

The writer encloses enough specimens to provide every member of "John Bull" staff with one.

FILM FACTS

FOLLOWING an expensive education in stagecraft, elocution, dancing and so on, I got my first engagement as a films "extra" three years ago—after months of almost heartbreaking refusal by agents and casting managers.

Now I am considered to be a successful "extra," but have to be content with a guinea (less agent's commission, travelling and food) for what is often a fourteen-hour day.

I am envied in the studios because my average weekly earnings are about £2 10s.—MISS ROSALINE WALTERS, Upper Tollington Park, Finsbury Park, N.4.

Only one "extra" out of every 9,000 becomes a film star.

Write to John Bull About It—

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PURE BEER FOR 1D PER PINT

REFRESHING & SUSTAINING SPLENDID TONIC & FOOD EASILY MADE AT HOME

FOOD VIGGORMALT (BEER) PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF RICH MALT & HOPS Simply add cold water FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN

Get a SHILLING tin of VIGGORMALT to-day from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops, Parkes, or any store, Chemist or Grocer; or send stamps or P.O. for one shilling direct to VIGGORMALT Ltd., (Dept. 3), Davigdor Rd., HOVE, SUSSEX. Post free U.K. and I.F.S. Foreign Postage extra. State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering

NUFIX FAULTLESS HAIR DRESSING

STOP your RUPTURE Worries!

Why endure Rupture when you can be fit and active in a few days from now? Whatever your age or sex, whatever you have tried, we know the Lewis Brooks Rupture Appliance will STOP your worries for good —pleasantly, instantly and painlessly, in the privacy of your home, without interfering with work or pleasure!

It's dangerous to neglect your Rupture. Don't wear a useless, old-fashioned truss. Instead, enjoy the comfort and security that only Brooks can offer—lead an active life, knowing that your Brooks is healing as well as holding. Feather-light, invisible, durable, yet really CHEAP IN PRICE. 7,000 doctors recommend Brooks. You owe it to yourself and family to find out about this proved invention. Avoid dangerous risks. Act now. Overcome your Rupture. Find out how you may TRY A BROOKS AT OUR EXPENSE. Send for free book now (sent in plain sealed envelope), and stop your Rupture worries for ever!

COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

(Post to either London or Manchester)

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(220K), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(220K), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture and your 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name .....

Address .....

(Please write plainly) .....

----Cut out and Post—TO-DAY.----

DON'T BE AFRAID OF INSECT BITES

If insect bites are a plague to you, with their itching, swelling and pain, D.D.D. Prescription will make your summer bearable. This soothing antiseptic liquid calms the fiery irritation of insect bites at once; the angry swelling soon subsides, the redness disappears, leaving the skin smooth and clear.

Not only are insect bites annoying, they are dangerous as well. Germs and poisons penetrate through the broken skin; infection may set in, with serious results. Avoid these dangers by using D.D.D. Prescription. So remarkable are the antiseptic powers of this world-famed lotion that one application is sufficient to disinfect the wound and prevent all possibility of infection.

D.D.D. Prescription, the ideal remedy for irritating insect bites, is also a splendid preventative. A few drops spread on the skin will keep insects away. So use D.D.D. Brand Prescription, and don't be afraid of mosquitoes, gnats, midges, bees or wasps.

Test D.D.D. Brand Prescription at our expense by writing now for a free sample bottle to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.3, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

Free

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION BRINGS INSTANT RELIEF

Indigestion Sufferers—
Full-size 6d. Packet of
DIGESTIF REMMIE PASTILLES —FREE!

BE rid of your digestion troubles by accepting this offer to test Digestif Remmie (Brand) Pastilles absolutely FREE! A full size 6d. packet will be sent to all readers who write, mentioning "John Bull," to Digestif Remmie, E. Griffiths Hughes Ltd., 36, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester. The makers of Digestif Remmie have such confidence in the efficacy of this excellent remedy that they invite every sufferer to accept a full-size 6d. packet free. Accept this offer NOW! Offer appears on page 32.

Get SLIM for Summer days!

SO EASY TO REDUCE THE 'MARMOLA' WAY

Your enjoyment of summer pleasures is trebled when you shed ugly fat and regain a lovely slim figure.

Tens of thousands of women are reducing, safely and easily, by taking 'Marmola' brand Antifat Tablets. They contain in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for abnormal obesity, which prevents your food from turning to useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be the most effective fat reducer known.

'Marmola' has been used for 25 years —millions of boxes of it. It has stood the test of time, because it is right, while so many false treatments have failed and disappeared. It is not a secret remedy. The booklet contains the complete formula, also full explanation of the action and results.

'Marmola' is prepared for the case of excess fat where a doctor is not consulted. The directions are to take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Do that. Get a box of 'Marmola' now. Read the book. Learn what you are taking and why it acts. Don't carry that burden of excess fat when so many of the folks around you have found 'Marmola' the *easiest way of all to reduce*. Know once again the joy of a beautiful, slender figure and make Summer days happy days.

'Marmola' brand Antifat Tablets are sold by all chemists at 3/- per box or sent post paid on receipt of price by the Marmola Distributing Agency (Dept. 111), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Send this coupon or write for our latest book, a two-day sample free and our guarantee.

MARMOLA DISTRIBUTING AGENCY (Dept. 111), 86, CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1.
Please forward two-day sample and Marmola Booklet, also guarantee form—FREE.
Name .....
Address .....
.....

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 18

CROWN CREDIT CLUBS

5/- THE PAIR

NO WAITING FOR GOODS EVERY TURN FIRST TURN

YOU
CAN EASILY RUN ONE OF OUR WONDERFUL FIVE SHILLING HOUSEHOLD BARGAIN CLUBS.
ONLY 5 MEMBERS REQUIRED
ALL GOODS SENT ON FIRST PAYMENT OF 1/-
COMMISSION AT THE RATE OF £2-16-0 CAN EASILY BE EARNED
SEND COUPON TO-DAY FOR OUR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, CONTAINING 500 BARGAINS AT FIVE SHILLINGS AND FULL PARTICULARS

Name.....
Address.....
J.B. 24
The BRITISH TRADING STORES Ltd.
61, MARLBOROUGH STREET, MANCHESTER, 1.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES £3 RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of proved reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid

Easy Payments 5/- Monthly. **£4.17.6**

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. F. E. of London, W.10, writes:—"Received £3 Wireless Set in perfect condition, and was listening in in 1 hour. It is no lie to say that the Set is really more than I expected, friends who have seen and heard it are absolutely amazed at the results, tone and price. Believe me, in London here there are lots around me that have cost more than double the price of my £3, and not worth a light in comparison. I am delighted."

Mr. A. B., Ltd., S.E.—"£3 Radio Set arrived on July 20 Tuesday. We are delighted with it. It certainly is a bit of all round class."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Battery-user Mains, Inexpensive Super Sets

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Kidney Germs Wreck Health

At times the 9 million tiny tubes or filters in the Kidneys are attacked by germs, causing Uric Acid, Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Headaches, Lost Vigour, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Puffy Eyelids, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Burning, Smarting and Itching. Ordinary medicines can't do much good because they don't kill the germs. But the Doctor's prescription Cystex starts killing the germs in 3 hours, stops pain, reinvigorates the Kidneys and thus restores health. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. Don't take chances with dangerous kidney germs. Ask your chemist for Cystex to-day. The guarantee protects you.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/6 per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves "FLEETFOOT" Cycle with Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed Gear. Dunlop Tyres, Chrome Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid. £6.12.6 or 5/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey Archer Three-Speed Gear £8.2.6 or 7/- monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies Men's, Juveniles & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

5/6 now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

WHY ENDURE RHEUMATISM

"The Patient is going steadily on, taking the Urare brand tablets with the doctor's approval."—Miss ——, S.R.N., St. John's Wood. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner St., London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

★ Accept this FREE HEALTH OFFER

HERE'S a wonderful offer you should not miss because it only occurs once in a lifetime. Buy a 1/3 packet of Feen-a-mint, the pleasant chewing laxative, and the manufacturers will send you, absolutely free, a full size 1/- packet of Aspergum, the pleasant-taking, easy-to-take form of aspirin. If you suffer from headaches or pains in general, Aspergum will put the matter right. On the other hand, Feen-a-mint will cleanse and purify the whole system and banish constipation.

This double health offer is yours, and this is how you can get it! All you need do is to purchase the Feen-a-mint, take the "instruction sheet" out of the packet and send it with the coupon on page 27, and the manufacturers will send you a full size 1/- packet of Aspergum absolutely free. You can mention that the offer appears in "John Bull," but be sure to post to Whites Laboratories, Ltd., Thames House, London, S.W.1.

WHO'S NEXT?

FREE HOLIDAYS, £400 AND PENSION rewarded Mr A Booth, 56, Park Crescent, Airedale, near Castleford, for working out a "John Bull" Crossword—now comes another 3-in-1 Holiday Prize for a Crossword entrant!

WHY NOT YOU?

PENSION, FORTUNE and HOLIDAY CASH FOR JOHN BULL'S CROSSWORD

£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE with £400 Cash and £50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE

...or £150 CASH

GREATEST HOLIDAY PENSION FIRST PRIZE

£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD

A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest, for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in the same envelope. value £2

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award - to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in "John Bull".

69.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Sometimes found when digging is being done
4. Most kiddies are pleased to have this for sweet
7. Famous and fashionable race-course
9. It is sometimes wise for motorist to run over
10. Business man is compelled to do this
13. Beginning and end of tramp
15. Cashier who absconds gives employer this
17. South West
19. Be careful this doesn't make you slip up
23. What we breathe
25. Drive back
28. Convey
29. Warm and cosy
30. These refresh tired hikers
31. Song from Welsh one sounds fine
32. Make less

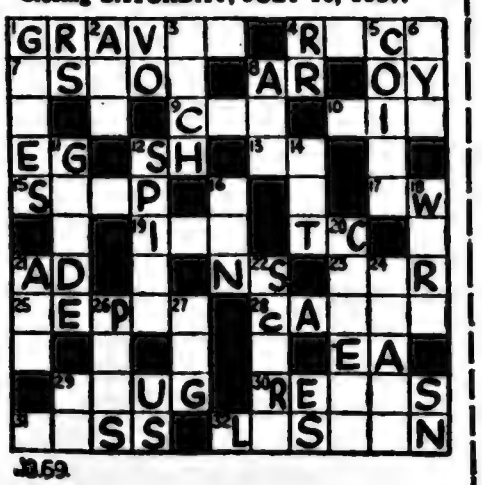
DOWN

1. New motorist is apt to be nervous about driving through these
2. Last one usually settles play
3. Engrave on metal in Letchworth
5. It's asking for trouble to use faulty ones in motor
6. There's one in a needle
8. Painting is one
11. There's usually a certain beauty in this
12. Gives an ugly aspect to railing
14. Good act is often acknowledged by
16. Growing boys should be in bed before
18. It's specially necessary for some kinds of soldiers to be this
20. Fondle
21. Every one is employed against enemy in war time
22. This may give you a start
24. Angry
26. Busy housewife often makes use of
27. Can be beat in various ways
29. Starts sadly

MIGHTY £4,000 HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 69. Closing SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1937.

J869.



J869.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 69. Closing SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1937.

J869.

J869.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 69, "JOHN BULL," 67, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

PRESENTED on this page is the sixty-ninth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, July 22, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as instructed on page 39. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form: Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, July 10.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such fault occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misbid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 22. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, July 27, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards.

Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

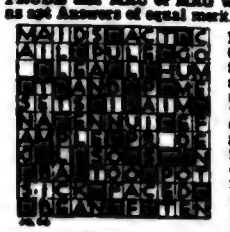
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

PRIZE FOR NEWSAGENTS

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between shares. Newsagents.

CROSSWORD No. 68

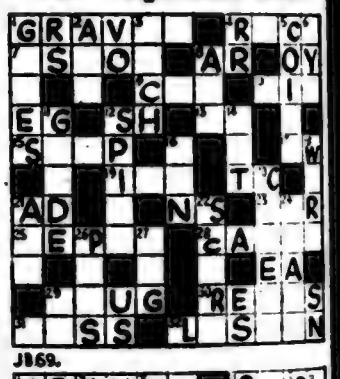
The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those set in the Square below. Two blank squares indicate that at these points PRIDE or PRUDE and MAC or MAG were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.



Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using reservation coupon on page 39.

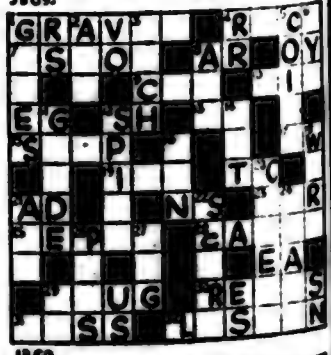
Winners on page 38

COPY SQUARES ONLY



J869.

J869.



J869.

J869.

The Editor Laughs Last

W. H. (Hunstanton).—"The average man does not realise what his home means to him till he is out of it." And then it is too late, and the picnic is in full swing.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

IX FEET (Reading).—"Although only just over four feet high, she is very vivacious and a great talker." Small talk?

C. M. (Essex).—"Our new swimming pool was opened by the local schoolmaster." Head first!

PIANIST (Croydon).—"Concert pianos are very temperamental instruments." Very highly strung, in fact.

ASSESSOR (Leeds).—"I think that they put in a lot of derelict machinery to bolster up their fire claim." A plant?

GROCER (Mid-Kent).—"Removals are the tradesman's bugbear." You quite naturally prefer your customers to settle.

GEORGE (Southport). — "Holiday peddlers cannot exactly be described as sea-bathers." But they're on the verge of it.

OPERATIVE (Northampton). — "Snakes can still be held responsible for producing the smartest shoes." And bananas for the smartest slippers.

AUTHOR (Camberley).—"Courtship is like a bright paragraph in the book of one's existence." And marriage, of course, a life sentence.

VISITOR (Sandbanks). — "My wife always insists that we have tea on the beach, and although I hate it, I do so just to please her." Gritting your teeth the while?

T. B. (Luton).—"I think that cloth caps have now attained the height of their popularity." Reached their peak, in fact.

AUTHOR (Leeds).—"I have written a book all about a spider's-web, but no one will buy it." They are too fly.

T. A. (Dartford).—"Should I be able to live on my profit by selling ice-cream?" It depends on how much you make.

A. G. D. (Hampshire).—"A bitter wind was blowing during our cricket match with our greatest rivals." Then it was a keen game.

PROPHET (Sandown).—"We very nearly had a terrific thunderstorm last week, but fortunately it cleared off." But it was very close.

D. M. (Guildford).—"There's no beating about the bush, golf is a *man's* game." There is beating about the bush if you're hunkered there.

VERA H. (Airedale).—"The story I have just had accepted has its plot laid in a Yorkshire woollen mill." It should be well woven.

B. J. (Scunthorpe).—"Some men are always being roped in to take an active part in sporting events." Boxers, for instance.

W. L. (Taunton).—"Some girls are still waiting for the man in a thousand to turn up." And others for the man with a thousand.

T. M. M. (Largs).—"I had my pocket picked when returning from a shopping expedition with the missis." Fancy twice in the same day!

WOMAN OF FIFTY (Kensington).—"There was a time when I rode in my own carriage." And, of course, you were pushed by your own nursemaid.

ELEANOR (Plumstead).—"If a girl can't get married she must put a good face on her misfortune." If she puts it on herself she stands a chance.

DAD (Sudbury).—"As I snoozed on the grass my children placed a clothes-pole under my chest and started see-sawing." They put it across you, eh?

J. M. (Chesterfield).—"The average vacuum cleaner demonstrator is the soul of willingness and efficiency." Always ready to take any matter up, eh?

OVER FORTY-FIVE (Poole).—"All over the country the younger generation is abusing the old ones to be thrown on the scrapheap." Youth is having its fling.

BRIDLE (Huntingdon).—"The only complaint I have with my tailor is that he didn't give me a perfect-fitting pair of riding-breeches." Naturally, you feel sore.

S. A. M. (Bromley).—"Will you believe me when I tell you that plenty of pepper improves the flavour of mustard and cress?" We prefer to take it with a pinch of salt.

MISS K. (Hendon).—"The photographer forced me to have the expensive sepia portrait, but it certainly was not worth the money." You feel that you have been done brown.

ELSIE (Canterbury).—"When my car broke down, I was afraid that I should never reach the nearest garage, so I sat down by the road and had a good cry." So you broke down, too.

PUPIL (Bromley).—"I was helping to make a survey for drainage purposes and had great difficulty in persuading the farmer that we were not stealing his fruit." But you eventually convinced him that you were on the level?

"Going to the pictures, eh? What about giving me a hand with your homework?"

From "The Passing Show."

G. N. V. (Morden).—"Sodawater can be one word or two." Or with a syphon.

TEMPERANCE LECTURER (Hove).—"What does the modern girl want with gin?" Lime.

INVENTOR (Ealing).—"Where shall I find an opening for a patent collar-stud?" In the shirt collar.

C. L. (Grendon).—"You will always find that knowledge is power." Except when the petrol tank is empty.

PATRIOT (Cheadle).—"We owe a lot to our country." True, and the income-tax collector sees that we pay it.

MRS. L. (Boscombe).—"My husband is the light of my eyes." And that is why you will not let him go out without you?

S. A. (Tonbridge).—"What girl to-day does not want to have a run for her money?" Any girl, when she buys stockings.

OFFICE BOY (Leeds).—"I have given notice as my work, fixing thousands of envelopes every day, is too monotonous." You can't stick it?

TOM (Reigate).—"I once played billiards for twelve hours without a rest." You must have kept the balls nice and near the edge of the table.

EMPLOYER (Dunfermline).—"My office-girl regularly pretends she is ill, so that she can go and wield a tennis racquet." She is constantly swinging it, eh?

ZOOLOGIST (London, W.).—"When I have less work on hand, I mean to give the African jungle tigress a good study." A good stout iron cage would be safer.

BUILDER (Liverpool).—"I have opened a new branch every one of the seven years I have been a master builder." Your business has progressed yard by yard, then?

TOURIST (Brighton).—"It is quite possible to sleep comfortably in the average boarding-house bath." Which, of course, is just where it differs from the average boarding-house bed.

M. A. (Bournemouth).—"He's a well-known violinist and I'm just an ordinary barber, yet, strange to say, for years we have had much in common." You've both scraped for a living.

D. F. (Hove).—"For a whole year I lived entirely on milk." We know: the first year.

BARBER (Bow).—"I am bent on being at the top in my profession." Determined to be at the head.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Newport). — "There is generally something about an engaged girl." Quite—an arm.

C. V. (Rochford).—"What is the best thing to take on a hiking tour?" Plenty of money for 'bus fares.

REV. (Slough).—"Although a foul was claimed, the punch was clean enough—right in the solar-plexus. It certainly took him by surprise." Fairly took his breath away, in fact.

G. H. (Parkstone).—"I have two tiny oak trees in pots. You would never guess where they came from." Acorns.

P. N. (Marylebone).—"I could solve many national problems if I had a mind to." Quite!

P. M. (Mortlake).—"My dentist is a gentleman.' And, we trust, a gentleman of good extraction.

NEWLYWED (Caterham).—"Our visitors took a great liking to many of the wedding gifts." Burglars?

H. L. (Fulham).—"In these days what is home to most of our young married people?" A little flat.

C. D. (Diss).—"I was thoroughly enjoying my cycling holiday until I ran into a dog." And that put you off?

BIG GAME HUNTER (Park Lane).—"Alligators are timid, friendly creatures." Most of them will eat off your hand.

ATHLETE (Lewisham).—"Long-distance runners seem to be getting thinner every year." They certainly do not run to fat.

MRS. D. (Bournemouth).—"I must say that I do not like the manner in which my dentist greets me." He gets on your nerves?

R. T. (Rochdale).—"Pictures of holiday-makers at the seaside are galling to people like me." But pictures of your own family down there would be welcome enough—and there's a camera with each of the 50 fine Holiday Cheques offered on page 39.

EDGAR (Eccles). — "The blackmailer, when arrested, was found to be a wrestler." He must have had a strong hold on his victim.

F. N. (Rye).—"Stairs are far more interesting than lifts." And with the aid of a large tea-tray they are just as quick for downward journeys.

OBSERVER (Blandford).—"Every man has a facial feature which tells you his job in life." An entomologist, we suppose, has beetling brows.

POET (Bloomsbury).—"I recently spent an afternoon at a woman mind-reader's." She must have enjoyed the unexpected half-holiday immensely!

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, the first one opened receives the prize.

THE WESTON MERCURY & SOMERSETSHIRE HERALD:—"Nat. Cash Register, SINGS 9s. 11½d."

SOUTH LONDON PRESS:—"—— baptised by immersion eight adults from Lansdown Place Medical Mission, of which he was the OVERSIGHT."

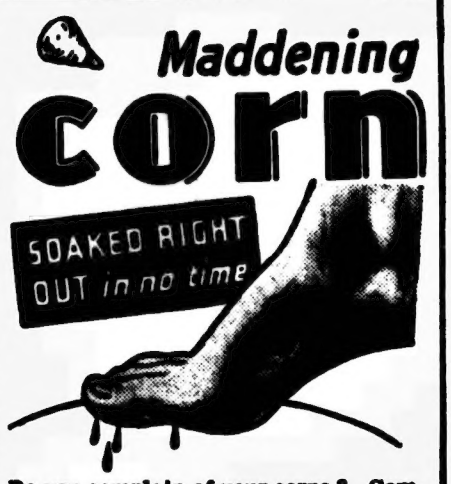
LIVERPOOL DAILY POST:—"—— wore a SLIMY fitting gown of black crepe . . ."

THE REGINA LEADER POST:—". . . she is expected to be a successful hostess, a graceful DANCER, good bridge player . . ."

RHOS HERALD:—". . . the tenor vocalist has just concluded a twenty WEEP'S tour with the musical comedy . . ."

THE CORNISH ECHO:—". . . having taken 122 days on the passage from Wallaroo, laden with 3,260 tons of RAIN in bags . . ."

BLACKHEATH GUIDE:—"Lost, a lovely black, long, smooth COAT; very gentle, big round golden eyes."



Do you complain of your corns? Complaining won't rid you of the pests. Unless, of course, like the woman mentioned below, you have a kind husband who is so 'fed up' that he finds the remedy for you! Don't complain to husbands, wives, or friends any more. Just read the letter below, then get some Radox at your chemist's and say good-bye to corns for ever!

'My wife had a very nasty corn on her right foot for many months which very nearly drove her mad with agony, so at last I got fed up and sent out for one of your 1/6d. packets of Radox and followed its directions. The corn was on the joint of the big toe, and after two or three Radox footbaths has come right out, leaving a big hole. My wife says Radox is the finest preparation she has ever tried. She can go out with pleasure now without her shoes hurting her.'

H.J.A., Essex.

HOW RADOX REMOVES CORNS

Knives and burning acids only touch the top of a corn. They leave the root. To get at the root, you have to get through the pores. It is the oxygen released by Radox which penetrates the pores. And it is this oxygen which carries the softening salts of Radox straight to the root of the corn, so loosening it that after a few footbaths it comes right out with the assistance of your forefinger and thumb.

1/6

Ten Ounce Pink Packet

Ask for Radox at your Chemist's. Price 1s. 6d. per 10-ounce Pink Packet; 2s. 6d. double quantity. Also in cubes, 3 for 7½d.

Pain after Meals

Why live in misery? By the aid of 'Milk of Magnesia' you can enjoy and digest your next meal in comfort. It sweetens a sour, acid stomach within five minutes. Stops acute gastric pain almost instantly. What is even better, it restores the natural activity of the gastric juice, thus easing the work of the stomach and aiding the return of full digestive power.

Doctors prefer 'Milk of Magnesia' because it is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the human digestive system. For convenience, many carry 'Milk of Magnesia' in the handy Tablet form. Each Tablet equal to one teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' In neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-, also in family size bottles, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.

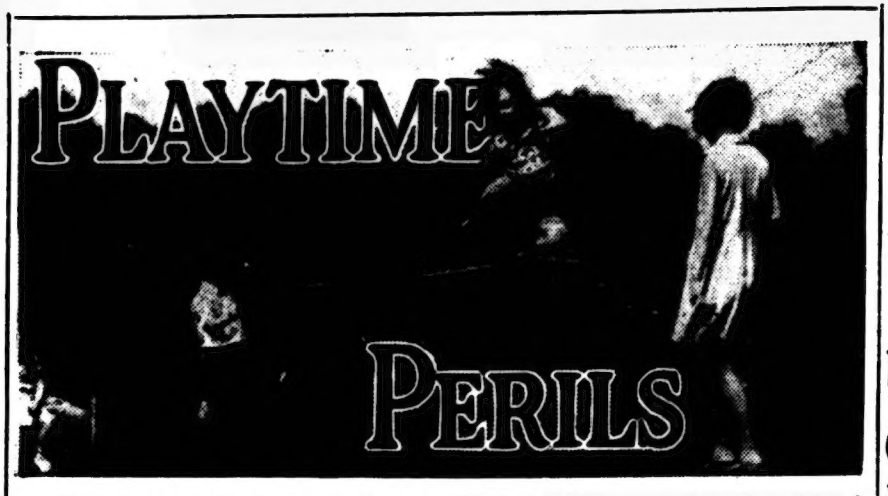
MILK OF MAGNESIA BRAND TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

LEG TROUBLE

A Free Offer

Don't overlook special offer on Back Cover!



THE playing field rings with happy voices and the patter of little feet. Lightheartedly the children make the most of the halcyon hours. The fun grows faster—thrill follows thrill—and then suddenly silence. A group of children anxiously whisper one to another while a playmate is carried away—he had fallen heavily and broken his arm.

Day after day "John Bull" dispatches cheques to registered readers whose children have met with misfortune. Last week alone no fewer than 87 such payments were made—prompt, practical assistance that makes a world of difference.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

Besides many other accident Benefits "John Bull" is the ONLY PAPER IN THE WORLD to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest, and to provide Sickness Benefits.

£602 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed to registered readers or their dependants no less than £602 11s. 4d., as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£297	1	4
Accident Benefits—adults	£131	10	0
Children's Accidents ..	£174	0	0

For your children's sake, your wife's sake, your home's sake, and your OWN sake, fill up the forms below TO-DAY.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 3/7/37.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "JOHN BULL." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 3/7/37.

MONDAY MORNING FEELING

brought him £750!

He's headed our winning list twice!

ONE Sunday morning during the War, a Marine Artillery Sergeant received a letter telling him he had captured First Prize in our *Bullets* Contest No. 239. With that welcome news came JOHN BULL's cheque for £200.

In last week's issue the prize-list for our 1,075th Contest was headed by Mr. W. D. Craig, Ham Street, near Ashford, Kent. The Sergeant of 1917 had hit the *Bullets* bull's-eye once again—almost twenty years to the day after his war-time victory.

At the time of his first success, Mr. Craig was a young man of thirty-three, he told a JOHN BULL representative. Now, after sixteen years in the Royal Marine Artillery and eight as a commercial traveller, he is fifty-three—but feels thirty-five!

"My *Bullet* was thought out when I was walking to business on a Monday morning," he went on to mention. He had enjoyed a pleasant week-end away from home and all he did was merely to compress his feelings neatly into *Bullets* form, resulting in the ingenious winner, ON MONDAY MORNING — "REGULAR STRUGGLE" STARTING AGAIN.

"My £750 success is another argument in support of the advice to find *Bullets* in one's personal experiences and surroundings," he declared. He has won scores of other *Bullets* prizes in that way —and looks forward to winning m more.

As a widower, with his three daugh married and away from home, Mr. C intends to bank his £750 and work on his job in a garage office; but for a m of fifty-three a sum like that in the b is a wonderful thing to provide a m outlook on the future.

"I have always treated *Bullets* as hobby," Mr. Craig said, "and I have also been philosophical about my entr Once they are posted, I forget ab them, being perfectly happy to le them to the expert care of adjudicators."

* * *

What other hobby could have brou Mr. Craig over £750 in cash and so m hours of enjoyable entertainment as w

You, too, will find in *Bullets* an id hobby—one you can turn to for a f minutes during the day, for a spare h of your leisure or with which you can a whole evening in an interesting w The best time to start is *now*!

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,200 AWARDED THIS WEE

First Prize, £750, Competition No. 1,076:
W. G. HAYES, "Mentlhery," First Lane, Hessle, E. Yorks.
Example: GOOD CROP
Bullet: HOPE FOR? HOE FOR!

SECOND PRIZE, £100:
Mrs. F. GLASSCOCK, Olney Road, Lavenden, Bedford.
Example: Not Right
Bullet: Homework—Sonny's "Pounds Short." (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £25:
H. H. RODWELL, Glebe Farm, Bargate, Diss.
Example: It's A Fight, But
Bullet: Thankful I've "Fair One."

OTHER PRIZES:

£15: W. WHALE, 24, Adams Street, W. Bromwich.
In A Cage—Of Lies, Temporary Freedom.

£10: J. CULLEN, 49, Netherhill Avenue, Glasgow.
Father's Flowers—"Outshone" Mother's Birthday Candles.

£9: M. J. ROUGH, Rowan Way, Harpenden, Herts.
On His Own—Policeman Visits Cook's "Underworld."

£8: — E. MARSHALL, 8, Ashburnham Road, Ramsgate.
Grandpa's History—Usually Contradictory—Useless Contradicting!

£7: J. CAMERON, 718, Clarkston Road, Glasgow.
Aiming For Peace—Remember "Sights In Line."

£6: Mrs. G. PETERS, 31, Presburg Road, New Malden, Surrey.
In A Cage—"Jungle's Pride"—Seems Shameful.

£5: Miss K. SCOTT, 2, Pleasant Place, Carrington, Nottingham.
Father's Flowers—"Invalids" Making *Visitors* Smile.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£4 10s.: C. W. H. CROOK, Sen., 17, Cot Row, London Road, Southwark, S.E.
Grandpa's History—"Pieced Together," comes "Puzzle."

£4: R. P. MACK, Mill House, Middleton, King's Lynn.
In A Cage—Road-hog Peels, Behind Cars.

£3 10s.: J. JOUGHIN, May Hill, Ramsey, of Man.
Father's Flowers—"Fairer" Than Judges!

£3: E. A. MASON, 33, Walsall Road, Wyrley.
When Sonny Played Truant—School's haviour Earned Half-holiday!

6 OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. J. FANNER, "St. Winifred's," Road, Northwood, Cowes, I.O.W.
Dare-devil Dan—"Leave Candle Mummy."

N. J. FISHLOCK, 86, Hartley Down, Surrey.
Mesmerised—Studio Audience, Free "Pass

R. McCULLOUGH, 61, Belmont Park, Belf
In Nature's Laboratory—Science Is "dering Assistant."

D. MURPHY, 30, Gwar-y-Caean, Port Tal Glam.
Amidst The Applause—"Willie *Must* Violin!"

W. C. SLATER, 65, Lawnswood Road, Wordsl Stourbridge.
In A Cage—No Wonder She "Pecks."

C. P. WRIGHT, 1, Henley Road, Liverpool.
Drenched To The Skin—Sonny—Found P dling "Dry."

Each of the above winners will also receive "Victor" Portable Receiver and a "Sete" P ing Camera. A list of the £1 and £2 2s. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bu

7 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 66

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 66, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the [illegible] numerous Sets of Answers on one Square (see page 30) were the following seven competitors:—

[illegible] J. B. CLARK, 4, CRESCENT ROAD, FARNHAM, SURREY.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] ROAD, WORCESTER PARK, SURREY.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] GLEN, LONDON, N.W.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £750 and a cheque for £107 2s. 11d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by [illegible] later than First Post, Tuesday, July 6, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. [illegible] cheque to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £500 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between [illegible] competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less spot and accurate Answer respectively to the best Square received. These entrants will each receive £1 2s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An additional Bonus Award value £5 will be sent to each Runner-up in this Contest who entered in one envelope two [illegible] dispensary entry forms.

A medal Surprise Award for each of 272 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

BANISH CONSTIPATION FOR GOOD.

Accept this Free Offer!

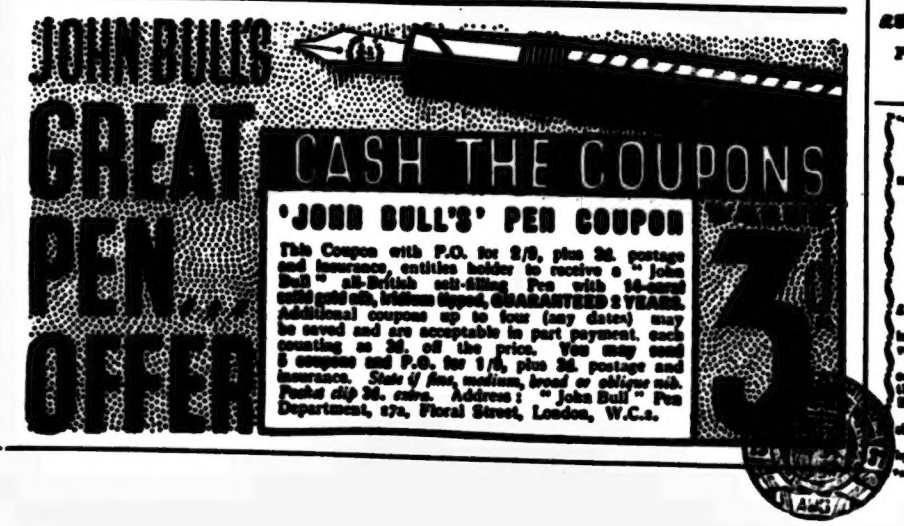
ENSURE internal cleanliness by this safe, easy and effective way. Take "Innerclean" Herbal Laxative—Nature's cure at its best. Its use now will save much trouble later on, and you can try and test it absolutely FREE! All you need do is to clip out the coupon on p. 14, add your name and full postal address, attach twopence in stamps to cover postage, and post to Messrs. Brooks and Warburton, Ltd., Dept. L, 212, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1. A Free Packet of "Innerclean" will come by return. Send the Coupon NOW! Turn to p.14

DRAGE'S *Bargains in Fine Furniture.*

★ SEND FOR FREE FURNISHING CATALOGUE

HOME lovers should make a point of getting a copy of Drage's Furnishing Catalogue which contains illustrations of their fine furnishings, detailed prices and free particulars of their famous 50 Pay-Way Easy Terms. Readers filling in the coupon on page 10 can secure a free copy, together with an interesting book, a guide to home happiness, entitled "You and Your Home."

FILL IN THE COUPON ON PAGE 10


JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
PEN
OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
'JOHN BULL'S' PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6, plus 2d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send 3 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 2d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Posted dlip 2d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 272, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
3/6

Be quick for these 50 fine DOUBLE HOLIDAY AWARDS!

WHO WANTS A £750 JOY WIRE JUST BEFORE THE AUGUST HOLIDAYS?

SPEND an interesting evening on making *Bullets* and one of the efforts you enter within the next few days may well bring you a tremendous thrill on Friday, July 23—a golden Joy Wire with JOHN BULL's congratulations on winning this week's enormously increased First Prize fortune of £750 in solid cash!

A few days later you would be banking JOHN BULL's cheque for that magnificent sum—yours to use as you wish on a house, a car, provision for your children, buying a business making your future secure or in any other way. And, coming just before August, what finer celebration of your £750 triumph could you think of than that wonderful holiday you have been dreaming about for years?

Such are the blessings brought within your reach by this giant *Bullets* Holiday Offer, with prizes increased to over 10,540 in all and exceeding £1,100 in value. Including the £750 First, each of this Contest's 50 chief Holiday Cheques will be accompanied by a fine "Kodak" Folding Camera in handy carrying case—just ideal to take on a *Bullets* holiday to snap those thrilling records of those golden days.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO turn out a *Bullet* worthy of one of this week's 50 fine 2-in-1 Holiday prizes, tackle your fascinating job in this common-sense way.

With paper and pencil handy, read slowly through the list of *Examples*. Pick out, say, half a dozen which appeal to you particularly, and opposite each selected *Example* write down all the ideas it suggests to your mind.

Now a *Bullet*, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to your chosen *Example*. Your next step, then, is to condense and polish these rough notes into finished *Bullets*.

For instance, the *Example*, SHE LOST HER VOICE. So, might prompt you to a light-hearted comment on Auntie and the Curate. As a rough note you might scribble down, *Auntie Couldn't Propose to Curate*; this you could easily develop into the typical *Bullet*, SHE LOST HER VOICE. So—*Parrot* PROPOSED TO CURATE!

Before beginning on your own efforts, spend a few moments reading through the winning *Bullets* in our 1,076th Contest which appear on the opposite page. Then make a start without delay, for your entry must be postmarked not later than Saturday, July 10.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,079)

MOTHER COUNTRY	
IT COSTS A LOT, BUT	
CRUEL NECESSITY	
AT OUR FAMILY CONFERENCE	
PLACE IN THE SUN	
SHE LOST HER VOICE, SO	
WITHOUT MUSIC	
SLAVE TO CONVENTION	
CAREER OF CRIME	
IF ONLY I DARED	
FLAW IN THE FABRIC	
CUTTING UP ROUGH	
M.P.'S SALARY	GLEEFULLY
UNDER HITLER	SAFE BET
ENTANGLED	PLUNDERING
STRAYS	TOO LENIENT
WOODEN	THE CRITIC
IN FORM	RESIGNED

NOW DAD HAS A CAMERA
WHAT THE BOSS HEARD
COMFORTABLE CRIB
"YOU CUCKOO!"
KEEP A STRAIGHT BAT AND
PITY THE PRISONER WHEN
FLIRTING WITH DEATH
TERRIBLE ORDEAL
MAKING IT HOT
IN BONDAGE
BAD DAY'S WORK
TO HELP THE FARMER

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

The original cheque for £750 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,076 will be displayed in the window of Mr. F. V. Harden, Ham Street, near Ashford, Kent.

FREE TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of *Bullets Bulletin* and JOHN BULL's *Crossword Gazette*. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon direct to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of Bullets Bulletin" on [illegible] envelope.

NOTE THIS IMPORTANT ADVANCE ANNOUNCEMENT

As a special attraction for next week's contest only entrants for "Bullets" No. 1,080 will be permitted to make efforts of 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 words instead of only 2, 3 or 4 words. This does *not* apply to current contest, No. 1,079.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,079) Closing postmark SAT., July 10. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,079) Closing postmark SAT., July 10. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,079) Closing postmark SAT., July 10. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,079) Closing postmark SAT., July 10. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Newsagents' Prizes: First £5, Second £2, Third £1.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY: 'Bullets' No. 1,079. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE YOU!

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

"Oh! My poor Legs."

"For years it was misery for me to walk, my leg and instep would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and . . ."

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy.

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, those agonising leg wounds (known as "bad leg") become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Read What Other Users of Elasto Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"My doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"I had suffered for years with a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"It put me on my feet."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs, although I had been suffering for years."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

ELASTO is based upon ascertained facts relating to the electro-chemical processes of the body that support life, rebuild and repair the living tissue, and serve to maintain health and vigour of body and mind.

"I can now Walk for Miles."

". . . . after using your remedy I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your remedy is truly wonderful."

Mrs. L—— S——

Send For FREE SAMPLE

Fill in Coupon below.

For All Readers of "John Bull"

FREE

A Generous Sample of These Wonder Tablets

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Remedy makes!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto

The Tiny Tablet With Wonderful Healing Powers

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell Food!

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart-weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity *Nature's own powers of healing.* Prepared in small, delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves instantly on the tongue and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Not Magic—Just Logic

In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health *must* result. This is precisely what Elasto, the Wonderful Biological Remedy, is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. No drugs; no adhesive bandages: *Elasto Cures Through the Blood!*

COUPON ★

For Free Trial Sample of Elasto

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please Print in Capital Letters)

ADDRESS.....
.....
.....

J.B. 3.7.37 .....
Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

267 B 78

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